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Original Poetry.

WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

We are growing old together,
Nor one regret the change,
Since friendships form'd in early youth
Old age cannot estrange.
I would be more and if some were left
To float on youth's bright sea,
But while growing old together
More reconciled are we.

I never hear the schoolboy's laugh
But scenes of youth come back,
I never see the youth's light tread
But lighter grows my track.
We once as blithely trod the lawn,
And laughed away life's curse,
But time has clogg'd the lightest foot,
And soon will fetter theirs.

I often think the form that's bent,
And totters on life's stage,
Once lov'd and bask'd in beauty's beams,
Nor felt the chill of age.
'Tis not that we'd recall the past
Nor doubt what yet remains,
But life's brief sands run out so fast,
We wound without the reason.

We know the front of one dear night
Soars not the summer leaf,
Nor does one sorrow's gloomy wing
O'erclouds the soul with grief;
But 'on the off-repeated stroke
That lays the forest low,
And so with man as with the oak,
Time deals the final blow.

Though we would not decry old age,
Or mourn o'er days untold,
There is a sadness lingers round
The thought we're growing old.
The tie let us seek Faith's precious gem
To cheer the path of age,
That when the chasm of youth is gone,
Hope may regild life's page.

Norwich, Conn., 1849.

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him:
He smiled and whispered low, as I once used to hear
Her kissed upon his arm, once 'twas mine and mine only;
I wept, for I deserved to feel wretched and lonely.
Song.

The beautiful Miss Denison was seated in the highest place at Mr. Greathead's concert, for her doting was a great honor. Dalking, however, so prominent a matron, she pushed back her chair into a little recess, shaded with yellow damask curtains from whence she could more comfortably attend to the concert, which promised, from the singers and the selection of music, to be a beautiful one.

In spite of her anxiety, she was pleased; and, as Grete finished a beautiful air from Semiramide, she leaned forward to express her admiration to Mr. Greathead. As she did so, her attention was attracted by a figure that stood in the doorway. The female leaned from behind Miss Julia, and her head was turned away, but was it, could it be—Clarence?

Involuntarily she threw herself back, but from the recess, though she almost laughed at her fancy, kept her eye on the doorway. After a few minutes, several persons moved; and she saw that the figure which had so much attracted her attention was bent down, in earnest conversation with a young and lovely girl who held his arm. Suddenly he raised himself—he moved his head—and, once more, Clarence was before her.

He glanced into the room, looked listlessly around, shook his head, and spoke again to the young girl beside him who smiled upon her, his own sweet, thoughtful smile, and they disappeared in the crowd.

A crimson flush—a flash of anger and pride—for a moment rose on Isabel's pale cheek. Then fell pained that utter sinking of despair, when hope, every hope in life, seems blighted in a moment of time. And then came a strange kind of enjoyment in the agony she endured. "It is well, it is well," she repeated, "my father forsook my mother, I forsook him who so truly loved me, and it is well that I, too, should be forgotten—forsaken!" Then, all these moods of mind passed by, and doubt, and fear, and hope, all rose again, with a restless impatience to see more.

In vain the sweetest sounds that ever fell, united from the lips of Grisi and Mario. She heard nothing—she said nothing—she sailed mechanically in return for Mr. Greathead's repeated thanks and compliments, but she said nothing. Her eyes were on that place from whence she had seen Clarence vanish—there she expected to see him appear again.

The concert was over. Mrs. Courtenay moved, followed by Isabel, through the crowd, but it was so great that they got on but slowly. For a moment there was an opening in the crowd, and she gave a piercing glance forward, and once more beheld Clarence.

He was standing at the top of the staircase, and the young girl was still beside him. His head was bent toward her, and Isabel fancied that still he smiled.

"Let us go home," she said earnestly to Mrs. Courtenay; "pray let us go home."

Mrs. Courtenay consented but it was with a pang. She had heard that there was to be a magnificent supper, and she had the usual fancy of old ladies for seeing every thing that was to be seen. Perhaps, on this occasion, seeing was not all that was in her mind. But Isabel's wearied jaded look prevailed, and, when they reached the bottom of the staircase, she gave orders for their carriage to be called.

As they were some of the very few who resisted Mr. Greathead's civil invitation to come and have something warm and comfortable, the call was soon successful. A young man came forward to take Isabel to the carriage. As she reached the doorway, Clarence came in from the street, and they met, face to face. She was hurried on, but her large, mournful eyes met his earnest, startled, anxious gaze.

"Who is that? tell me, who is that?—the beautiful girl with the dark curls," said Clarence, seizing an old man by the arm.

"That? why, don't you know? it's Miss Denison."

"Miss Denison, did you say?"

"Yes. Let me see, now I think of it, did she marry? I once heard something—but, no; I am almost sure that she is Miss Denison still."

Clarence had taken Mrs. Hervey and Ellinor to their carriage. He now walked home, without another word.

CHAPTER XXV.

When late I saw thy favorite child,
Methought my jealous heart would break.
Byron.

Triflos light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.
Shakspeare.

It was about the middle of the day following the concert.

Isabel sat in the front drawing-room, nursing her little brother—a really pretty baby, of about three months old. Her heart was lighter than it had been for many and many a day, for that one startled glance had told her that Clarence loved her still—There might be much to explain; there might be something still, to fear; but he loved her; and, at that moment, still to be loved, was all in all to her.

The little boy lay in her lap, and she was twisting the tassels of the bindle for his amusement; while now and then she sang to him snatches of her favorite songs. Half occupied with him, half musing on what the next few days would bring forth, she heard nothing, till the drawing room door suddenly opened, and Lord Clarence Brooke was announced. Seeing her alone, he came so rapidly, so hastily to her side, that she had not time to take the baby in her arms, and rise to meet him.

He stood some more beside her. He was about to take her hand in his, when his glance fell on the little Ernest Denison; and, as the child opened his large, dark eyes and smiled, he looked the very image of Isabel. The hand of Clarence dropped—he moved from her side, and sate down on the chair opposite to her.

Both were silent. Isabel bent her face, crimson with agitation, over the child, and nervously moved her long curls from his neck. She had not dared to raise her eyes, when Clarence got up again, and, murmuring a few unintelligible words, hastily left the room.

It was but the work of two minutes; and when Mrs Denison, who, on being told of his arrival, had instantly come down, opened the door—he was gone.

"They told me Clarence was here, and I came, as I thought you might like it best. Do you know where he is?"

"He is gone again," said Isabel, blushing deeply; and, as she put the baby into Mrs. Denison's arms, she murmured a few smiling words about his not having liked little Ernest.

Meanwhile, Clarence, pulling his hat over his face, walked rapidly from the house, unconscious where he went. The sudden pang of fear, and more than fear, had made him mad. "This is to hope in woman's love—to trust to woman's constancy! he repeated over and over again; and still, as he walked rapidly along, the dark, smiling eyes of the child seemed to follow him. He thought not of possibilities, nor yet of improbabilities, but he saw that lovely face bending tenderly over her child, and he strode along the street, like a maniac, till, suddenly, a vision of the soft, loving eyes of Ellinor Hervey flashed before him; and "she, at least, loves me," passed through his mind.

A hand was laid upon his arm; he looked up—he was in Portland Place.

"How very fortunate I am!" said Mr. Rushbrook, "I have been to look for you, to ask you to let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister. She is dying to make your acquaintance; and, I believe, you were already on your way there. Pray let us go together." And he put his hand through that of Clarence.

Thrown off his guard by Mr. Rushbrook's cordialence, Clarence walked on a few steps, revolving the possibility of escape—even at the sacrifice of Mr. Rushbrook's neck, if it should be required, when the latter spoke again.

"Miss Hervey has been with Selina all day. I took her there, this morning, to make acquaintance with my nephew, and they get on famously. Between ourselves, I wish that to be a match; and I spoke to my nephew, yesterday evening. He is very much in love already."

The vision of Ellinor had not yet faded from Clarence's indignant, agitated breast; and he went quietly on to visit Mrs. Greathead, smiling to himself at the uselessness of your Mr. Rushbrook's plans.

They went into the house, and Mr. Rushbrook took him up-stairs without announcement. As the door of the drawing-room opened, he saw Ellinor, seated on a sofa, with young Mr. Rushbrook, an exact counterpart of the old one—an amiable youth, who was falling in love very fast, at his uncle's request. Her head was bent toward him, and she appeared to be entirely engrossed by his conversation.

After a formal introduction to Mrs Greathead, Clarence turned toward Ellinor, and she blushed and smiled, for he was not yet supplanted; but the momentary enchantment which had hung round the tenderness of her love was faded, and, though he sate beside her, it was in absence and in silence.

His thoughts were not of her; there was not one pang of jealousy, one moment even of wonder, as she turned again from her gloomy neighbor to meet the smiles of Mr. Rushbrook. His mind had wandered again to Isabel, and once more, not hope, but doubt, gained an entrance to his mind.

Suddenly it struck him that Mrs. Greathead would be able to tell him all he wished to know, and yet dared not ask, until at the thought, he rose from Ellinor's side, and took possession of a chair left vacant by the sofa on which that lady sate.

Mrs. Greathead was too much pleased at having an opportunity of talking to a lord to let it pass away unimproved; and, in answer to a compliment on the beauty of her concert, she went off like a shower-bath.

"Thank you, my lord, you are very kind to say so. I did think it went off very well. I had wished to give a ball, to show off our new house,—with a glance of pride round the room—but Mr. Greathead was determined to have a concert. He is quite devoted to music; and, as you say, my lord, it went off very well. I assure you, many young people were longing to be skipping about all the while. We were very much honored at your lordship's coming—after such a long voyage, too. I was happy to hear that you did not suffer much at sea. Samuel can talk of nothing but you, and his pretty little friend, Miss Harvey. Ah, yes, my lord! quite a case already, I assure you; Samuel is quite bent upon it, and my nephew has no objection, as you see. Well, it will be a very nice thing provided the young people love each other; otherwise, having made a love marriage myself, I—"

Here Mrs. Greathead was stopped by a slight cough, and Clarence broke the thread of her discourse.

"You had several beautiful girls here last night," he began, with a beating heart. "Can you tell me the name of the one with very dark hair?"

"Oh! it must have been Miss Cotton, or Miss Letitia Vincent, perhaps. She has most beautiful hair—or little Miss Primrose, who came out last night. Pr—"

"No; it was a girl with long curls and very dark eyes. You must know which I mean," he said, almost impatiently.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Denison's daughter. Yes, very beautiful, indeed—quite an honor to our room. It was very kind of her to come. Mr. Greathead was once of some use to Mr. Denison in India, and he does not forget it, as most people do. Yes, she is very beautiful; but they say she looks paler than she used to do. Some say it is the disappointment about the money."

"What money?" asked Clarence, fearfully.

"Oh! why, you know she was a great heiress, and now, there's a young gentleman appeared unexpectedly! I mean Mrs. Denison has had a little boy"—in answer to Clarence's wondering eyes—"and so she loses the money. Not but what they say she will have plenty; but when once a person has been an heiress, they don't quite like giving it up again. But how flushed you do look, my lord! Won't you take some wine and water to cool you this very hot day? Samuel, ring the bell; Lord Clarence will take some sherry and water; the day is so very warm."

Clarence, however, declined the hospitality; shook Mrs. Greathead's hand with great cordiality, in return for the information she had given him; the same with Messrs Rushbrook, senior and junior, and lastly, with Ellinor.

He is so largely happy that it seems
Earth has no woes, and sorrows are but dreams.

When Mrs. Denison came home from driving, she found the following note:—

Dover Street, Thursday.

DEAR EMMELINE,—

A thousand, thousand times I wish you joy of the happy event which I have only just heard of.—May I come and tell you in person how very happy it has made me! Dear Emmeline, will you be as kind to me now as you were three years ago?

Yours, affectionately, C. B.

Emmeline smiled, and gave the note to Isabel; and sat down to answer it.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,—

I have only just found your note. Many, many thanks. Pray come this evening, or whenever you like. If this evening, I am afraid you will miss the sight of my little Ernest; but I hope you admired him this morning.

Yours, E. D.

They had just come up from dinner when Clarence arrived. After the first meeting, silence seemed to creep over all the party. Isabel placed herself on the sofa, by Mrs. Denison, far out of Clarence's reach. She took up her work, and sat grave and embarrassed.

Clarence was vexed and pre-occupied, and Emmeline and Mr. Denison tried in vain to support the conversation.

Wearied at last, Mr. Denison saw he must help them.

"Go and sing, Isabel; sing my favorite song.—No, not more welcome." Do you know it, Clarence?"

Happy to be employed, Isabel hurried to the piano-forte, and began at once. As she ended—

"I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sight of sorrow broken,
By that benign, blessed voice again."

Clarence, unable any longer to contain himself, rose, and went to the piano-forte.

"Now, Emmeline, read me this speech," said Mr. Denison, giving her a newspaper.

The speech was finished, and Mr. Denison glanced round. "I think you must begin it again," he said, with a smile to his wife; but as he spoke, Isabel came toward him, kissed him, and glided away.

Over the brightness of that room, there hovered a shadow from the mournful eyes of Herbert Grey.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As one by one thy hopes depart
Be resolute and calm.
Oh! fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
Longfellow.

A week had passed since Clarence's return to England.

He sat in the drawing-room with Isabel, professing to read to her, while she was drawing, but the book had made little progress.

"Have you heard yet from Herbert Grey?" he asked, laying down, for about the fifth time, the book he held in his hand.

"No," said Isabel, softly. "I wrote to him that very night, and yesterday, or even before that, I might have heard from him. It makes me very, very miserable."

"Perhaps he will come and see you, instead of writing."

"Perhaps he may—I almost wish he would." After a minute's silence, she continued, "I suppose it is a good thing to have something to cloud one's happiness. If it were not for this, I might be too happy now. I believe I might think that earth was passed, and Heaven had begun," and she turned her beautiful eyes on Clarence with such an expression of devotion—but now, whenever I am alone, I have such fearful thoughts of remorse and self-reproach. I forget them when I am with you—but when you are away, they are always with me. Sometimes I can hardly bear them."

"But surely you are wrong, dear Isabel—surely, this need not now be?"

"I don't know; it seems to me that I ought not to be so very happy, when I have made him unhappy—when I know he is unhappy still."

A servant came in with a card on a tray, and took it to Isabel.

"I told the gentleman that you were engaged, ma'am, but he insisted on my bringing up the card."

She turned very pale, but desired that he might be shown into the back drawing-room.

"He is come—Herbert is come," she said, turning to Clarence; "and now I feel as if I wished the earth to cover me."

"Don't tremble so, dear Isabel. I am very glad he is come; I am sure it will make you feel happier afterward. Do go to him at once; you will only get nervous if you sit there thinking."

She got up, and walked slowly across the room.

"I will stay here," said Clarence. "I should like so much to see him, Isabel. Do you think it possible he would see me?"

Isabel shook her head, as with a violent effort, she opened the door of the next room and went in.

Herbert was standing with his arms folded, before a picture of Isabel, but as she entered, he went quickly toward her, with a kind smile, and took her hand.

She said nothing, but sat down on the sofa, and slightly moved a chair toward him.

"I am come to you, Miss Denison, because your letter gave me pain, and I thought I might better answer it by word than by writing. You must not write to me in that way, Isabel. Forgive me if I speak to you by that name, I shall soon learn to change it now."

He spoke perfectly calm, but there was a sad tone in his voice.

Isabel attempted to smile, but tears forced their way instead.

"I must not have this, dear Isabel. Why this self-reproach, this self-condemnation? Even if I ever could have blamed you, you have acted so nobly, you have suffered so much, that I must have forgiven you. But you know I never did, never could blame. You must forgive yourself now, dear Isabel." He looked imploringly in her face.

"I would—I think that I could, if you were not what you are, Herbert. If you had not so truly loved me—if you would but upreach me! This is what breaks my heart—to think it possible that I could forget you."

"You did not forget me. I have wished so much to say this to you. I see it so plainly now, though it did not strike me at first. You never really loved me. Do not think," he continued, anxiously, "that I doubt your affection for me; I know it was great—I think it is so still; but affection is not love.—You did not know then what love was, and you thought you loved me. It came afterward; you learned it then. It was most natural, dear Isabel; I see it now; and if I would, I could not blame you."

Isabel said nothing, made no remark, but gave a deep sigh of relief. It was what she had often said to herself but none but Herbert had ever made this excuse for her.

"Are you happy now, Herbert?" she said at last, looking earnestly in his face.

The word grieved on his feelings, and he could not say yes. "Do not fear for me, Isabel; my life is not gloomy now, as it was before I knew you. You have taught me better things."

"Have I taught you to pity error and sin?" she asked, with a sad, sad smile.

"Yes, and to trust in truth and virtue as well," he almost passionately added. But the momentary emotion passed, and he continued, calmly, "I have many pleasures, many interests—I have, indeed; and one bright spot in the past, which, believe me, Isabel, sheds its light upon my pathway still."

"You will not—can you not say that you are happy?" she persisted. "Will you not, at least, say that you will be happy?"

A faint color tinged his cheek, and he was silent before he answered her.

"Happy, Isabel—what we call happy—I believe few can be, who have suffered, who have seen the well withdrawn from the world's fair promise.—Even you, dearest, in the union of your perfect love, may not know what unclouded happiness is; but happy we shall be yet—I, at least, will be, if we strive to the uttermost to fulfil the duties that are laid upon us day by day."

The glance she cast upon him was so little like unclouded happiness, that he dared not trust himself to say more, but rose abruptly.

"You will promise me to forgive yourself, dear Isabel? I cannot be satisfied without that."

"Never, Herbert!"

She was not deceived. Through all the calm and gentle kindness of his manner, she saw the tokens of the love she had rejected, of the heart she had broken.

"Have I then come all this way in vain? Do you refuse me the pleasure to think I have been useful to you?"

"Not in vain, Herbert. You have comforted me; and, if it were possible, I would try to tell you all the gratitude I feel; but I cannot."

He gently pressed her hand, but said it for an instant, and she rose. "I shall have one request to make to you, and I know that you will not refuse it to me. Not to-day, you shall hear from me in a short time about it; and now, Isabel, God bless you!" He let go her hand, but in a moment took it again. "I had a thing more to say I would say," he began, in a hesitating voice, and the color rose to his cheek. "Your husband, when he is your husband, must not quarrel with, must not be jealous of, my love for you. Believe me, it is but that you will have one friend more, who will never cease to pray for the happiness of you both. Will you tell him so, from me?" Again he pressed her hand, and let it go; but Isabel stood still, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"Might I see Lord Clarence, dearest Isabel? They told me, down stairs, that he was here. If he would not mind it, it would be a great pleasure to me."

She raised her eyes, streaming with tears, from the ground, and turned them upon him with an expression of gratitude which almost repaid him for all.

In a few moments, Clarence came into the room, and the rivals met. What passed was spoken on either side, but Herbert smiled, kindly and calmly, as he shook the hand of him who had robbed him of that which was dearest to him on earth. And they parted again.

"It is done," said Herbert Grey, with a sigh of relief, as the house door closed, and he walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A school for Scandal—tell me, I beseech you,
Needs it a school that models art to teach you?
No need of lessons now—the knowing think
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Garrick.

"But are you quite sure, Laura?" said Mrs Franklin to her sister.

"Yes, quite sure. Mr. Price told me he had just seen Miss Shepherd."

"It's very strange," said Mrs. Franklin, musing "I always thought she would have married Mr. Grey. What are you doing, sir? Did you naughty little boy?" and she lifted from the ground a small monster, with a ball of brown worsted in its mouth.

"Here comes Matilda Bridges. I sent to say that I wanted to speak to her; for I would not lose the sight of her face when she hears the news for the whole world. Good gracious! what has it will be?"

"Well, Laura," said Miss Bridges, as she came bustling in, "what did you want me for?"

"To see Elizabeth and her little boy, of course; I knew you would like it."

"Oh!" remarked Miss Bridges, looking extremely disconcerted.

"Besides that, I wanted to know if you'd heard the news."

"I hear a great deal of news," said Miss Bridges, languidly; "but I don't trouble myself to remember it."

"Oh! then I dare say you know my news, so I won't tell you. Isn't this a fine little boy?" and she pushed the pudding cheeks of the young heir of the Franklins.

"I suppose you mean about Mr. Bennet; but when do I care whether he goes or stays?"

"Oh! no; I am tired, too, of hearing that Mr. Bennet is going. My news is great news, about Miss Denison."

Miss Bridges fidgeted, and curiosity triumphed over temper. "Now, Laura, don't be provoking. If you have got any thing to tell, why can't you tell it at once?"

"Well, then—what do you think?—Miss Denison is going to be married!"

"She is, at last, is she?—I am sure with the opportunities she has had. I should be quite ashamed to have been Miss Denison for so long. And so she's going to take up with Mr. Grey at last, I suppose!"

"Oh! no, Matilda, not Mr Grey! Now, prepare—she is actually going to be married to a lord—Lord Clarence Brooke—the son of the Duke of——!"

Miss Bridges sate aghast. This exceeded her very worst anticipations. "Well, I declare," she said, at last, lifting up her hands and eyes with a look of virtuous indignation, "if it is not enough to make one ashamed of the name of woman! I could not have believed it, even of her!"

"Why, Matilda, I don't see what you have got to say against it. You always did say—and this shows that you were right, and what a good judge you were—that there never was any thing between her and Mr. Grey." Laura took away her comfort in her misery, and she knew it.

But Miss Bridges was not slow to find another direction in which to vent her spite.

"I declare it's enough to make one sick. While she was in mourning, she quite herself the air of a princess. Now—she's willing to take up with any body."

"I must say, Matilda," said Laura, laughing loudly, "that you are much the most ill-natured girl that I ever met with in the whole course of my life."

"Ill-natured? Why, it's as clear as day. I have always read Miss Denison pretty plainly, and she knows it—but, I confess that even I am surprised. It makes one sick to think of—I could register a vow against marriage, all the days of my life, after hearing this."

Mrs. Franklin was roused by this vehemence. The time was past when the jealousies of Matilda Bridges could interest her maternal mind. She had wandered far away in dreams, not of romance, but the more substantial visions of household concerns—joints of meat, a declining store cupboard, a necessary new jacket for the page, and a new cut for the increasing dimensions of Master Frederick. She now looked up however. "Don't talk so, Matilda—I can't bear to hear people say such things. You don't know how happy it is to be married!" and she kissed her young monster, with great affection.

"I dare say it is very happy, for those who like it, and I'm sure I hope Miss Denison will be happy—though I can't say I think it likely. But I do trust I may never be troubled with the sight of her again.

"Oh, yes, you will! That was some other news I heard, but Mr. Price told me particularly not to mention it. Lord Clarence thinks of buying the old Manor House. It will be very nice for you, Matilda, for you are always wishing for superior company, and now you will see Lady Clarence Brooke driving by every day. Lady Clarence Brooke—was there ever such a sweet name! And, I dare say, she will have a pony phaeton, with two ponies—at least that's what I should have if I was a lady."

Miss Bridges was silent; she was paralyzed by the blow.

"Won't it be nice, Matilda? I don't know how ever we shall leave this window! Such gowns she'll have—such bonnets, such parasols, we never shall be tired of looking at her!"

"It's just what I expected," said Miss Bridges, spite at last struggling to the surface; "it's very little to be a lady, but here she must come, with her airs and her dignity. I should like to be caught—yes, I should extremely like to see myself gratifying her nasty pride by looking at her! She had better stay away, if that's what she's coming to."

"I'll bet you twenty pounds down, Matilda, that I catch you looking at her the very first day."

This conversation soon ended; but it may be gratifying to my readers to anticipate a few months, and to be informed that when Lord and Lady Clarence Brooke came home to take possession of the improved and beautified Manor House, Miss Bridges was seen, with her whole body out of Mrs. Chapman's window, watching the pretty brougham, as it passed through Ellerton.

On that occasion, however, she made but one remark—"I only thank my goodness that there is not a coronet on the carriage."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ange si pur
Que dans un songe j'ai cru trouver:
Triste mensonge,
Envoies vous si pour jamais.
Romance.

It was the day before Isabel's wedding day.

Mr. Denison had taken a private suite of rooms, for the whole of the Shepherd family, whom he had invited to London for the marriage, in a hotel, near Grosvenor Square.

Rachel and Mrs. Shepherd arrived on the evening of the last day. Miss Shepherd had resisted Isabel's earnest entreaties to come sooner. She had long been dreading Mr. Denison, but she felt that it would be painful to them both to meet. She felt, too, that she, and still more, her aunt, were unsuited to the society in which Isabel naturally lived. Mrs. Jones had been lately confined, to Mrs. Shepherd's great surprise, and Mr. Jones was too good a husband to leave his wife, while she was not well; but Amy Jones, now a pretty girl of eleven years old, came up, at Isabel's special request, to be one of the two bridemaids.

Isabel walked with Clarence, to spend a part of the evening with her aunt, and her father was to fetch her home again.

Mr. Shepherd dreaded this interview more than he liked to own, even to himself; but now, when he and Rachel Shepherd met, on this last evening of Isabel's unmarried life, the hearts of both were so full of her, that all feelings of reproach, on the one hand, and remorse on the other, were forgotten.

They met calmly, though gravely. Mr. Denison talked, for some time, with great kindness, both to her and Mrs. Shepherd, then called his daughter, and they went home together.

"Good night, my dear," said old Mrs. Shepherd; "you look as white and calm as a lily. Some me! I remember now, the flutter I was in the night before I was married; but I suppose every thing is changed now-a-days."

The day of Isabel's marriage dawned at last.

Herbert Grey arrived early in the morning, and breakfasted with Mrs. and Miss Shepherd, at the hotel. He had asked to be allowed to perform the marriage-service for Isabel, and his request had been granted.

It might seem strange that he should have wished it to be so. Many might have wondered that he could bear to speak those words, which would give her—so wildly loved, so passionately regretted—to another; and, to many, it might have been a pain too great even to think of; but the wish was consistent with Herbert's character.

He had loved her with no common love; it was a deeper, higher, holier feeling than it is often a woman's fate to be loved with; and now that she was lost to him, it was a pleasure—a pleasure even in its agony—himself to bind that chain which, while it separated them more entirely, would, he trusted, make her happy forever. He felt, too, that it would disperse, more than all else, any lingering feeling of distrust, in his own mind, or in the minds of Clarence and Isabel, as to the nature of his feelings for her. If he could bear, himself, to speak the words that gave her to another—if his hand could firmly clasp those hands which never were to be put asunder—surely they need not fear, surely he need not dread, that in the love he still was forced to bear her, there was the least taint of envy, or jealousy, or earthly feeling.

Clarence had wondered at the request, but Isabel understood it. She felt that, under the same circumstances, she might have done the same. There was a strange likeness between her and Herbert—a likeness so great, perhaps, as to have prevented that love which is almost always deepest and strongest when excited by a contrast. The rule, of course, is not without exceptions; but Herbert's case was not, as some might think, one of those exceptions. There existed the strongest contrast between him and Clarence, although the same was not apparent between Isabel and him. There was a lightness and brightness over the surface of her nature, which had gladdened him like a perpetual sunshine, but the brightness was on the surface, the grave and melancholy depths of her heart had found a response in him, and it was an echo too true to be otherwise than oppressive. Her nature needed, like Herbert's, a brighter than its own to lean upon, and it was in this that the magic influence which Clarence had at once exercised over her affections consisted.

Herbert Grey was perfectly calm as he sate at breakfast, his grave and silent, and Miss Shepherd remarked, with pain, the unnatural paleness of his cheek, and a strange, compressed look about his mouth, which bespoke a deep suffering within. She followed him to the window, as he left the breakfast table.

"Are you not deceiving yourself, Herbert?" she asked, anxiously; "have you not taken upon yourself a task beyond your strength? Forgive me, for intruding my advice; but I fear for you, and it is not yet too late to change."

"Thank you, very much, for your kind interest in me," he answered, in a voice which, calm as it was, wrung her heart by its sadness; "but you need not fear. I would not have undertaken it, if I had not been sure of myself. You may be sure I would not run the risk of agitating Isabel.

The marriage was to be a very private one—none but the immediate friends and relations on both sides were to be present. This had been Isabel's only care concerning it.

All the company had assembled in the vestry of St George's Church. Isabel arrived the last, with Mr. and Mrs. Denison. They were detained, for a few minutes, in the vestry—all but Herbert, who dared not trust himself to hear, or to speak to Isabel.

When all was ready, he came from the church to announce it to Mr. Denison. As he stood, for an instant, in the doorway, his eyes fell on Isabel in her bridal dress. She was looking strangely beautiful—with her downcast eyes, and marble cheeks and long, flowing veil, more like an angel from heaven than a bride of earth. For an instant, Herbert turned away his face, drew a deep breath, then again looked calmly upon her, and led the way to the altar.

The service began; there were many spectators, for the church was crowded to excess by those whom curiosity had brought, although the invited guests were few; but a remarkable silence and attention prevailed among them all. All seemed to feel that there was something unusually sad, unusually solemn, as the tones of that deep and touching voice fell upon their ears.

Mr Denison and Rachel Shepherd stood side by side, and their calm, strong natures—so different in the tempests within, so alike in the quietness without—were thrilled by some unwonted emotion; and even the brow of Clarence—the happy, happy Clarence—was touched with sorrow, and his bright eyes were, for an instant, brighter with tears, as he led his bride, his wife, his long-loved—at last, his own—Isabel, from the altar.

Once only, the voice of Herbert had faltered. It was when he guided the lips of Clarence to take her "to better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death should them part." Perhaps the time had been when, in his lonely wanderings, his own heart had addressed her in these beautiful and touching words.

The service was over. They returned to the vestry, and the names were signed. Herbert and Isabel stood side by side, but no word was spoken between them. From the great crowd without, there was a delay in the appearance of the carriage. Mr. Denison forced his daughter to sit down, but placed her near the door, that she might be ready.

Her husband approached her. "The carriage is come, will you go now, Isabel?" For a moment her eye wandered to the figure of Herbert, who still stood motionless where the signatures had been made. He longed to speak one word of kindness—but even kindness a happy rival dares not show, and he turned again to Isabel.

She got up; then, with a hurried step, went to Herbert's side.

"Herbert," she said, in a voice so low that it reached none but him, and she raised her imploring eyes to his face.

Once more he controlled, with a violent effort, the emotion that was beating so fearfully in his breast. He took her hand in both of his, and, as his lips murmured a blessing, he smiled—and it was the memory of that calm, sweet, angel smile that went with her, a blessing upon her way.

Sketches of Travel.

FROM THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

MADAME TASSAUD'S.

One of the most gorgeous, as well as fashionable of the many "lions" in London, is Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Wax Work in Baker Street. Its fame is world-wide, but no one who has not visited it can form any adequate conception of its completeness, brilliancy, and life-like appearance. It is situated in the West End, and was originated by Madame Tussaud, at an expense of more than $100,000. She was born in Berne in Switzerland, in the year 1760, about two months after the death of her father, and was adopted by her uncle, M. Curtius, then a celebrated wax modeller of Paris. She was fortunate in making the friendship of such men as La Fayette, Mirabeau, Voltaire, and other celebrated men of that age. In 1777, she was employed in the art of modelling by the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., and made the palace of Versailles her residence. During the reign of terror, when her patrons were murdered about her, she was exposed to great perils, but her rare genius was her preserver. The authorities could not afford to lose her services as a State modeller, and she took casts of the heads of many of her savage enemies as well as friends. In 1802, she opened her present universal exhibition of wax work, which is constantly receiving accessions. There is no place more popular as a place of amusement in England; there you may often meet the Queen herself, Lords and ladies in great numbers, and the common people in masses. Although an immense outlay—over half a million—was requisite to place the exhibition on its present footing, yet the old lady and her sons have reaped a large fortune, and its income is yearly increasing. The night time is the time to see it in its glory, for then its myriads of gas-light and chandeliers present a most imposing appearance.

I went one evening with an intimate friend, and came away delighted. We entered the saloon in Baker Street, through a beautiful hall richly adorned with antique vases, and modern sculptures, passed up a staircase magnificent with arabesque artistical frescoes, and mirrors, and stopped at the entrance-door to deposite our fee into the hands of Madame Tussaud herself, a person of small features, old fashioned spectacles, and so motionless that I thought her at first to be one of the collection of figures. The sight upon the entrance was most gorgeous—five hundred lights streamed forth into every nook and corner of the saloon, making an intense light which was reflected and re-reflected a thousand times by a perfect wall of mirrors. The room is a hundred feet in length and fifty in width, and its walls panelled with plated glass, decorated with draperies and rich ornaments in the Louis Quatorze style. Two large aisles run through the apartment, and ranged on the four sides are all the single and small groups of figures, while in the middle are all the large ones. From the entrance I looked and stood transfixed. The appearance was the same as if I had by a miracle been at once ushered into the company of the great men of the past ages in their various costumes, for they were alive to every appearance. Splendid ottomans, sofas and seats were ranged along the aisles at convenient places, and stately beauties, (I mean the real, live visitors, not the wax-figures,) were walking up and down the aisles escorted by their brothers or lovers. Right over the entrance there was a small but rich gallery filled with a band of musicians whose sweet and ancient airs added to the wonderful enchantment of the scene. As we passed along up one of the aisles, a figure, entitled "The Sleeping Beauty," arrested my attention—a young girl, beautiful as a poet's vision, "lying down to pleasant dreams," her gentle breasts heaving to and fro like life—yet it was mere wax! There was yellow Jenny Lind, with a smile for you, and her lips so ready to pour forth song, that I involuntarily said "hush," to my friend. There was Kean, in one of his greatest characters, Macready, Ellen Tree, (now Mrs. Kean,) and all the celebrated actors and actresses of the world. There, like a breathing, living man, stood the great Paganini, the musician, with his slight fingers grasping the veritable violin on which he did perform when alive. His dark features, enthusiastic form and expression, sent a thrill through my very veins. And in close proximity, Napoleon, in the gray overcoat that he wore at Austerlitz and Waterloo, with his hand upon his sword, looked down upon me with his marble face. Blucher, Burrit, the peace-apostle, was with me at the time, but an involuntary martial-thrill shot through me, as I looked at that small man there, and thought of his victories. The next moment my eye rested upon a figure so noble, so placid, and even God-like, that the tears rushed to my eyes. It was Lincoln! "Look! look! there is Washington!" With his mild eyes and gray hair, his noble, stalwart form, he stood forth in contrast with the little, swarthy, brilliant Napoleon. The one, great and good, and with the thanks of millions circling his republican brow. The other, great, but insanely selfish, and intensely devilish, and with the curses of the millions he crushed scrunching in his ears like Pandemonium. I felt proud—for once, at least. Washington was my—or Washington, and I saw by the crowd that constantly gathered about him, that he was reverenced even in the land against which he rebelled.

Old, stern Oliver Cromwell stood face to face with the gentle-eyed Charles; and Edmund Burke confronted the rapacious Hastings. Then, not far away, William Cobbett, in his plain dress, kept bowing to the gazers. There was no regularity in the positions of the wax-figures—they stood out in the aisles sometimes, and sometimes receded. This was a happy idea in its effect, for when the real flesh and blood figures were mingled with the wax, it was difficult to distinguish them apart. I trod upon a gentleman's foot, and of course asked his pardon. I saw my friend laughing, and asked the reason. "You are asking the pardon of a statue!" he replied. Not long after he touched me, saying, "Look at this figure—is it not beautiful?" The "figure" with a blush and laugh, walked away—it was a kind of "figure" that folks have been known "to make love to."

At the western end of the room there is what is called the "golden chamber," a little room for the exhibition of George IV., and his coronation and state robes. The old Madame purchased these robes for $60,000, and they were well worth that sum, as they contain six hundred square feet of velvet and embroidery, besides an enormous quantity of ermine lining. Queen Elizabeth was there all bedizzened with jewels, and, close at her side, her victim Queen Mary of Scotland, arrayed in a plain mourning suit. The reason why these figures receive such a flood of visitors is not merely from the fact that they are brilliant and life-like, but because they are inimitable representatives of real characters. It is worth something to stand and gaze at Voltaire, or Wm. Pitt, with the knowledge that the figures before us are in every feature the exact likenesses of those great men.

There was Mirabeau with his splendid forehead. There was Robespierre and Danton, the Girondists. There was Elizabeth and her Court, Charles I. and Charles II., Milton and Shakspeare, "Fairy Queen" Spencer, and the "Boy Chatterton" had each their niche of honor, Beethoven, Paganini, Handel and Haydon. In one corner were Victoria, Albert, and their children, all in one group, and taken from life. There was Guizot, the statesman of the ancient regime.

"The Room of Horrors" required a separate fee to be visited, and all nervous people should avoid it. Those who like to see the human form arrayed in features of horror, distress, or sadness, should not fail to see it. There was Napoleon in his coffin, Jane M'Cree in the act of being murdered by the ruthless savages, and many historical scenes too horrible and numerous to mention

Romance of History.

ROMANCE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

From a recent review in Blackwood's Magazine, of a new book upon the Romance of Russian History, we take the following:

ANECDOTE OF THE CZAR PETER.

The characters of few sovereigns admit of being judged more variously than that of Peter I., of Russia, surnamed the Great. According to the point of view whence we contemplate him, we behold the hero or the savage; the wise legislator or the lawless tyrant: the patient pursuer of science or the dissolute and heartless debauchee. In the long chapter given to his romantic and eventful reign, M. Blanc shows him little favor. In a work treating of conspiracies and executions, the characters of the sovereigns introduced are naturally not exhibited under their most amiable aspect, especially when those sovereigns are Russian czars and czarinas, to whom lenity has generally been less familiar than severity, and pardon than punishment. The pen of Voltaire has done much for the reputation of Peter the Great, who to us has always appeared an overrated personage. Historians have vaunted his exploits and good deeds, till his crimes and barbarities have been lost sight of in the glitter of panegyric. The Monarch who could debase himself to the level of an executioner, beheading his rebel subjects with his own hand, and feasting his eyes with the spectacle of death when he himself was weary of slaying; who could condemn his wife, repudiated without cause, to the frightful torture of the knout, and sign the order, which it is more than suspected he himself executed, for the death of his own son—may have been great as a warrior and a legislator, but must ever be execrated as a man. Peter was certainly an extraordinary compound of vices and virtues. His domestic life will not bear even the most superficial investigation, and M. Blanc has ripped it up unmercifully. The great reformer—we might almost say the founder—of the mighty empire of Russia, the conqueror of Charles of Sweden, was a drunkard and gross sensualist, a bad father, a cruel and unfaithful husband. Indeed some of his acts seem inexplicable otherwise than by that ferocious insanity manifest in more than one of his descendants. Even his rare impulses of mercy were apt to come too late to save the victim. As illustrating one of them, an incident, nearly the last event of Peter's life, is given by M. Blanc, in more minute detail than we ever before met with it. Peter's whole life was a romance; but this is assuredly one of its most romantic episodes. A short time before his death, according to M. Blanc, although other writers fix the date some years earlier, Peter was violently smitten by the charms of a young girl named Ivanowa. Although tenderly attached, and about to be married to an officer of the regiment of Schouvaloff, she dared not oppose the Czar's wishes, but became his mistress. Peter, who took her repugnance for timidity, fancied himself beloved, and passed much of his time in her society, in a charming cottage in which he had installed her at one of the extremities of St. Petersburg. He had enriched her family, who were ignorant however, of her retreat. Her betrothed, whose name was Demetrius Daniloff, was in despair at her disappearance, and made unceasing efforts to discover her, but all in vain, until Ivanowa, having made a confidant of a Livonian slave, had him conducted to her presence. The lovers' meetings were then frequent, so much so, that Peter received intelligence of them. "His anger was terrible; he roared like a tiger.

"'Betrayed! betrayed everywhere and always!' cried he, striding wildly about the room, and striking his brow with his clenched fist. 'Oh! revenge! revenge!'

"Before the close of day he left the palace alone, wrapped in a coarse cloak, his feet in nailed shoes whose patches attested their long services, his head covered with a fox-skin cap which came down over his eyebrows and half concealed his eyes. He soon reached Ivanowa's house, where the lovers deemed themselves perfectly secure, for the Czar had spread a report of his departure for Moscow. Moreover, the faithful Livonian slave kept watch in the antechamber, to give an alarm at the least noise. Peter knew all this, and had taken his measures accordingly. Opening an outer door with a key of his own, he bounded into the anteroom, upset the slave, and, with a kick of his powerful foot, burst the door that separated him from the lovers. All this occurred with the speed of lightning. Daniloff and Ivanowa had scarce time to rise from their seats, before the Czar stood over them with his drawn sword in his hand. Ivanowa uttered a cry of terror, fell on her knees, and fainted. Prompt as the Czar, Daniloff bared his sabre and threw himself between his mistress and Peter. The latter lowered his weapon.

"'No,' he said, 'the revenge were too brief.'

"He opened a window and cried *hourra!* At the signal, a hundred soldiers crowded into the house. Mastering his fury, the Czar ordered the young officer to be taken to prison, there to receive one hundred blows of the *battogues* or sticks. Ivanowa was also confined until the Senate should decide on her fate. The next day Daniloff received his terrible punishment. Before half of it had been inflicted, his back, from the loins to the shoulders, was one hideous wound," &c., &c. We omit the revolting details. "Nevertheless, the executioners continued to strike, and the hundred blows were counted, without a complaint from the sufferer. The unfortunate Daniloff had not even fainted: he got up alone,* when untied, and asked to have his wounds carefully dressed.

"'I have need to live a short time longer,' he added."

Meanwhile Ivanowa was brought before the Senate, and accused of high treason, and of trying to discover state secrets—a charge of Peter's invention. The supple Senate, created by the Czar, condemned her to receive twenty-two blows of the knout in the presence of her accomplice, Daniloff, already punished by the Emperor's order. On the day appointed for the execution, Peter stood upon the balcony of his winter palace. Several battalions of infantry marched past, escorting the unfortunate Demetrius, who, in spite of the frightful sufferings he still endured, walked with a steady step, and with a firm and even joyful countenance. Surrounded by another escort, was seen the young and lovely Ivanowa, half dead with terror, supported on one side by a Priest, and on the other by a soldier, and letting her beautiful head fall from one shoulder to the other, according to the impulse given it by her painful progress. Even Peter's heart melted at the sight. Re-entering his apartment, he put on the ribbon of the order of St. Andrew, threw a cloak over his shoulders, left the Palace, sprang into a boat, and reached the opposite side of the river at the same time as the mournful procession which had crossed the bridge. Making his way through the crowd, he dropped his cloak, took Ivanowa in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. A murmur arose amongst the people, and suddenly cries of "pardon" were heard.

"The knights of St. Andrew then enjoyed the singular privilege that a kiss given by them to a condemned person, deprived the executioner of his victim. This privilege has endured even to our day, but not without some modification.

"Daniloff had recognized Peter. He approached the Czar, whose every movement he had anxiously watched, stripped off his coat, and rent the bloody shirt that covered his shoulders.

"'The man who could suffer thus,' he said, 'knows how to die. Czar, thy repentance comes too late! Ivanowa, I go to wait for thee!' And drawing a concealed poniard, he stabbed himself, twice. His death was instantaneous. Peter hurried back to his Palace, and the stupified crowd slowly dispersed. Ivanowa died shortly afterwards in the Convent to which she had been permitted to retire."

THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.

The misfortunes of the unhappy young Princess Tarrakanoff, supply M. Blanc with materials for the most interesting chapter in this volume of his work. The Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbst, afterwards Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the *Princess Tarrakanoff*. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish Prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young Princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a Pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy. These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young Princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or duenna. On reaching his native country, he was offered the restoration of his property, if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused; but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen bloodhound, she well knew, capable of any villany that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promises of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the Princess, and lured her within Catherine's reach. Orloff set out for Italy, and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find out the Princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward. M. Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made Admiral once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document. Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea, as a Russian Vice-Admiral. When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate Princess. With some abridgment we will follow M. Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The Princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury, existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters.—Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign; he told her she was the legitimate Empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne, it was only because nobody knew where she (the Princess) was hidden; and that her appearance amongst her faithful subjects, would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper. Notwithstanding her youth, the Princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard. Then Orloff, one of the handsomest men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those of ambition; he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand. The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience: she believed and loved him. The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be strictly private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries, some wearing the costumes of Priests of the Greek Church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses. The mockery of a marriage enacted, the Princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were given to her. The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the Princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name. She accepted, and embarked after a banquet, amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd: the cannon thundered, the sky was bright, every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival.—From her flag bedecked galley she was hoisted in a splendid arm-chair on board the Admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honors due to a crowned head. Until then Orloff had never left her side for an instant. Suddenly the scene changed. Orloff disappeared: in place of the gay and smiling officers who an instant previously had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted. The Princess thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid; her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover, but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce. Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy; she burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away. They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later the squadron sailed for Russia. Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St. Petersburg, when she was taken before the Empress, who wished to see and question her.

Catherine was old; the Princess Tarrakanoff was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity. She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva.

Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine, and of the villain Orloff, awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth, and a good constitution, struggled energetically against torture and privations. One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed to God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to Himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder.—She listened. The noise redoubled: it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror; she called aloud, and implored not to be left alone. A jailer came at her cries; she asked the cause of the noise she heard.

"'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave; "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here?"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"For Heaven's sake, let us leave this!" cried the young Princess.

"Not without orders; and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned!"

"That is pretty certain. But without special orders I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In case of unforeseen danger I am to remain with you, and to kill you should rescue be attempted."

"Good God! the water rises. I cannot sustain myself."

The Neva, overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison doors: the sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors. Lifted off her feet by the icy flood which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive fell and disappeared; the jailer, who had water to his breast, hung his lamp against the wall, and tried to succor his prisoner; but when he succeeded in raising her up, she was dead! The possibility anticipated by his employers was realised; there had been stress of circumstances, and the Princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

* The victim is placed upon his belly (and tied down so that he cannot change his position) to receive this terrible punishment, in severity inferior only to the knout.

Varieties.

LITERARY ASPIRANTS.—Some clever writer in a London magazine has a very sensible article upon "*Literary Aspirants.*" Speaking of inexperienced amateur writers, he says:—

"If we by chance encountered a man who all at once, not being hitherto accounted a mechanic, fancied he could make a church clock, and proceeded gravely to file out pieces of brass and fix them in certain positions, with the notion that they would work, and inform the town of the time of day, we should say he was remarkably foolish, to use no stronger terms. And yet every known literary man will tell you that every week he has a novel sent him, in manuscript, either by a friend or through his introduction, the first work of a person who, with scarcely a knowledge of putting down a phrase, or the simplest elements of the art of composition, dashes at once at the conventional three volumes, and, as is usual in such cases, only building the characters from types that struck his fancy in reading, and which he thought he could imitate, instead of originating, introduces us to all those old friends in slightly new dresses, characteristic of such production."

THOSE CREAM CAKES.—A man, says the *Boston Thursday Messenger*, was seen last Wednesday, to stagger heavily against a window of a store in Washington Street, shivering a large pane of glass into fragments. Several persons ran to his assistance, and one more anxious than the rest, inquired the matter.

"Matter," hiccupped the reeling pedestrian, "m-matter; why, I-hic-eat some c-cream cakes, and they don't a-gree with me."

"Hadn't you better take something?" suggested another.

"*Take something*, hic why, I have t taken something; I took e-eight glasses of brandy and water; b-but hic, it's no use, *them cream cakes have got the upper hic hand of me.*"

HUNGARIAN NAMES.—Punch publishes a "Magyar Epic," and offers a file of the "Fonetic Nuz" as a prize to any one reading the piece fluently. Here are a few of the lines:—

(*Translated from the original of Jammathaxaraxky.*)
And now thy skin clad warriors appear,
Blue lake Bastessek, fair Hunchquechancar!
Where rolls the Pruth his crystal wave along,
And Chessain hears the patriot's gathering song;
Nor stony Schernetesckt declines the war,
Nor Smohch spares her sons, nor stern Szirozchar,
Whom brave Tschatchaks from flat Kustechuckche's plain,
Leads, bloody laurels under Bem to gain.
Sorrowly stern they laugh at Austrian claims,
Austria, that cannot e'en pronounce their names!

JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind appeared recently at a *soiree* given by Mary Howitt. In an evening party, she is distinguished for a languishing softness, a certain, I may almost say, *ennui*, which, however, is not without its charm, although of a peculiar, and perhaps, not of a very intellectual nature. She is indeed cried up by all the daily and hebdomadal critics as

"a sweet creature,
Not very dashing but extremely winning,
With the most regulated charms of feature
Which painters cannot catch, like faces shining
Against proportion."

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ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

LOST.

We have been informed by J. E. Sprague, P. M. at Purvis, New York, that on the 29th of January, 1849, he sent us two $10 bills on the "Bank of the Northern Liberties," Philadelphia—the number of one bill being 5287 A; of the other 6386 A. Both bills were endorsed "pay to the order of Deacon & Peterson." We give this public notice in the hope that it may lead to the detection of the purloiner of said bills.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Hibernia brings seven days later intelligence from Europe. The markets remain the same as at last advices. Cotton is quiet but steady.

There had been an attempt at insurrection in Paris, owing to the unjustifiable and shameful course pursued by the Government towards the Roman Republic. M. Arago, Ledru Rollin, and others, have been arrested. The last accounts report a state of tranquility in Paris, but it is feared that the quiet will be of short duration unless Louis Napoleon abandons his present reactionary policy.

At Rheims an insurrection had broken out, and the Red Republicans obtained command of the city.

Rome has been again attacked by the French army, and again succeeded in repelling its assailants. The Romans lost 800 men; the French a much greater number. It is stated, through French sources, that Gen. Oudinot had at length succeeded in obtaining possession of a position that would enable him to command the city. There is no appearance of yielding, however, on the part of the Romans. That they may succeed in ultimately repulsing their invaders must be the prayer of every man who believes in the right of a nation to govern itself.

Hostilities in Hungary appear to languish. The Russian General has issued a Proclamation to the Hungarians, the pith of which is, that if they do not lay down their arms and submit to their fate with a good grace, they will be made to feel the consequences of their presumption. Doubtless the Russian will be as good as his word, if he triumphs. He will give up the Hungarian cities to pillage, and the Hungarian women to his brutal soldiery—he will ravage the country with fire and sword, and subject Kossuth and his compatriots to the most cruel tortures. All this and more he will do—for this and more Russia has done in Poland. But, thank Heaven, the battle is not always to the strong. And we cannot believe that Heaven will allow the brave Hungarians—fighting as they are for their national independence, and the sanctity of their homes—to be given up as a prey to the brutal spoiler.

In Southern Germany the struggle has now fairly commenced—the Prince of Prussia has left Berlin to take command of the Army of the Rhine, and the Republicans of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, are preparing for the conflict. God be with the right!

From Great Britain we learn that the bill for the abrogation of the Navigation Laws, passed the House of Lords without material amendment, and received the royal sanction. The bill will go into effect in January. The Jewish disabilities bill was passed by the House of Commons by a majority of 56. Its success in the House of Lords was considered very doubtful.

The British Government repudiates all cognizance or sanction of the proceedings of the French in their treatment of the Romans. This is honorable to the character of Britain.

Smith O'Brien, through his counsel, denies the legality of the commutation of his sentence of death to transportation, and the Government have to provide for this unlooked for difficulty by special act of Parliament.

Different and apparently reliable statements are made from parts of Ireland to the effect that the potato-rot has made its appearance in some instances, but generally the vines look vigorous. The weather is represented as continuing very favorable, and the crops in nearly all parts of England and Ireland are said to look unusually promising.

There has been a warm debate in Parliament relative to the Canadian Rebellion Losses' Bill. Mr. Gladstone interposed a most furious opposition to the measure, and his remarks are said to have made a marked impression in the House. He contended that the passage of the bill involved imperial as well as local considerations, and that its provisions were at variance with the honor and dignity of the crown. He did not ask the Government to disallow the Act, but for an assurance that under the Act, rebels should not be compensated, and that that party should produce reasons, prima facie evidence, before receiving any public money, that they had not taken part in the rebellion.

PARIS.

It does not appear by the accounts that an insurrection was intended in Paris. A large body of the National Guards, wearing uniforms but without arms, accompanied by a great number of citizens and workmen, formed in procession with the intention of marching to present a remonstrance to the National Assembly, which had voted to sustain the Government in its course upon the Italian question. It was what the French call making a demonstration. The procession was met near the Assembly by heavy masses of troops, and ordered to disperse. Then arose the cry "To arms!" from a portion of the procession. From the ease with which the procession was dispersed, it is reasonable to infer that no insurrection was intended.

Strongly sympathising as we do with the Red Republicans of France upon this Italian question, we condemn their course in getting up such a procession. It was neither right nor politic. Everything that even looks like an attempt to overawe the legislative power should be avoided in a Republic. The National Assembly has just been elected, by universal suffrage, and whatever its course may be, it is only fair to infer that it represents the majority of the people of France. If it does not, the only remedy is to hold public meetings, get up petitions and wait till the next elections. But the French politicians, especially the ultra Democrats, seem to have no patience, and to be utterly blind to the policy of giving an opposing party plenty of rope with which to hang itself. Just at the time when the popular current begins to turn, they check it by a demonstration of some kind, calculated to alarm the timid and conservative portions of society.

THAT LETTER.

In compliance with the request of the "Cincinnati Daily Times," we have sent to that paper a copy of the letter recently received from an Allopathic physician of Cincinnati, imputing "bribery and corruption" to the press of that city. If the Cincinnati press has been bribed by the Homœopathists, &c., to make false statements respecting Cholera cases, it is well the public at large should know it; and if our correspondent has been making charges seriously affecting the reputation of the conductors of the press, without any proof of what he alleges, it will be well he should be subjected to a little mortification. One thing we may say in this connection, without intending any reflection upon our Cincinnati correspondent, but only as a warning to correspondents in general. Never write anything for anonymous publication, that you are not perfectly willing to maintain over your own name, if its truth should be called into question. A man who is either too modest or too timid to be willing to put his name to what he writes, should not meddle with the newspapers.

FATHER MATHEW.

This distinguished Apostle of Temperance has arrived in New York, in good health. During his passage he addressed the crew, passengers, &c., on Temperance, and administered the pledge to 150. Everywhere that he may go in the United States, he will find warm hearts ready to do him honor.

THE TARS AND STRIPES.

The "Germantown Telegraph" contends that there is no difference at all in *principle* between flogging children and flogging men. Now, whatever resemblance there may be in *principle*, there is certainly a great difference in *practice*—inasmuch as children are commonly flogged with a switch or rattan, while sailors are flogged with a colt and cat-o-nine-tails. What would the editor of the "Telegraph" say if some teacher, after reading his article in favor of flogging, being convinced by it that there was no difference in *principle* between flogging children and flogging men, should introduce the cat-o-nine-tails into one of our public schools? Would the "Telegraph" defend this practical application of its argument?

But we assert that even in *principle* there is a great difference between flogging children and flogging men. There is the same difference that there is between denying the right of voting to a child, and denying it to a man; between denying the right of a man to control his own actions, and denying the same right to a child. Not that we are an advocate for even the flogging of children, except in very extreme cases—and never with such instruments of torture as they use on board our national ships.

The Telegraph quotes what we recently said of Sailors' Homes—that we were beginning to have a poor opinion of them, from the fact that the great body of the seamen appear to consider them gross impositions—and thus comments upon it:

"The Post here makes up its opinion as to the value of Sailors' Homes, entirely from the fact that the "great body of the seamen appear to think them gross impositions;" but allows the important fact to have no weight with it, that our Naval Officers *are unanimous in their opposition to the abolition of flogging*. In this case, they are not only the best judges, but may be regarded as the only arbiters in the question. What has our friend to say to this?"

Say to it? That we think the Naval Officers are not the best judges in this case, any more than the officers of the Sailors' Homes are the best judges as to the usefulness of those institutions. We would be quite willing to leave the decision to the sailors, notwithstanding the story the "Telegraph" tells about the crew of one of our national ships, which would have the flogging system in spite of an anti-flogging Commodore. That sailors might prefer strict discipline and order, even with flogging, to no discipline and disorder, is not improbable; but that discipline and order can be preserved by other punishments than the lash, and by the use of proper incentives to and rewards of good conduct, we have not a shadow of doubt—and neither have the sailors. What is the opinion of the great mass of our seamen, no one can doubt who has witnessed recent manifestations in this city.

The fact is, that those in authority are seldom the men who see the necessity or practicability of reforms. It was not the officers who thought it safe to abolish flogging in the army; it was not the officers of prisons who thought prisoners could be managed without the lash; neither can the officers of the navy be expected to see any thing but "raw heads and bloody bones" in the abolition of the colt and cat-o-nine-tails. To be sure, there are always some bright exceptions, men with more liberal minds and sounder hearts than their fellows—and such men, we are happy to say, the American Navy is not destitute of. We are assured that there are a number of officers, and one of them a Commodore, who would rejoice to see the time when the weapons of foreign enemies alone should spill the blood of American seamen on American decks.

It is said that flogging is necessary on account of the thieves, cut-throats, &c., that are frequently found on board our ships-of-war.—We do not believe that such is the fact, but, granting that it is so, can you wonder that a better class of men refuse to enter a service where they run the risk of being flogged!—This was Napoleon's answer to an English naval officer who used the same argument, and it is one which commends itself to every man who has the feelings of a man.

But the whole argument in favor of flogging is based upon the aristocratic thought that there is a great difference between the feelings of poor, uneducated sailors, and of rich, educated men.—Suppose a law were passed, making flogging the punishment for certain offences of the officers, as well as of the men. How many officers would remain in the service, after the passage of such a law? The Rev. Mr. Chambers might argue to them by the hour, that "the disgrace was not in the punishment, but in the crime," and at the end of the hour he would probably be told to go to a certain place that shall be nameless—that they knew better. And yet, except for certain unrepublican and aristocratic reasons, why not flog the officers as well as the men? The men are flogged for drunkenness, why not flog the officers for the same offence? In justice they should receive three stripes for an offence, to where the sailors receive one—in the first place, because they have had greater advantages of education, in the second, because they disgrace a superior rank, and in the third, because their good behaviour is more essential to the safety of the ship and crew.

We therefore demand that flogging shall either be done away with altogether, or, if Congress decide it to be a good thing, that they shall allow "good things to go round." After one or two officers have been flogged, if the officers do not become as strenuous advocates for the abolition of flogging as even Watson G. Haynes, we shall acknowledge that we have no insight into that very curious compound, human nature.

JUDICIAL COARSENESS.

We mentioned last week that the Supreme Court of this State, had reversed a recent decision of Judge Lewis, of Lancaster, to the effect that a condition in a husband's will, cancelling a bequest in case the widow should marry again, is null and void—the Supreme Court holding that such a condition is perfectly legal. We have since seen the following extract from the decision of the Supreme Court, which was delivered by Judge Gibson:

"I know of no policy on which such a point could be rested, except the policy which, for the sake of a division of labor, would make one man maintain the children begotten by another. It would be extremely difficult to say why a husband should not leave a homestead to his wife, without being *compelled to let her share it with a successor to his bed, and to use it as a nest to hatch a brood of strangers to his blood.*"

While agreeing with the sentiment conveyed in the above extract, we feel bound to censure the coarseness of the language in which it is expressed. We are mortified that any man occupying the position of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, should be unable to express himself upon such a subject in a refined and gentlemanly manner.

MRS. SWISSHELM.

We confess we have taken quite a "liking" to Mrs. Swisshelm, of the "Saturday Visiter." *If* we lived in Pittsburg, or she in Philadelphia, and *if* she were not married, or we either, and *if* she is only tolerably young and good looking, and thought us the latter, we think we could get up quite a pleasant little kind of a flirtation with her—*if* she were willing. She says, in a late number of her paper:

"We intend to laugh, sing and crack jokes as long as we live, and dance, too, unless we get lame or too old and stiff to try. We have no idea that looking solemn is any more pleasing to the Almighty than looking cheerful; on the contrary, it is a sin for any man to twist his face awry, as the manner of some is. If the good Being had wished us to look like we had the jumping toothache, He would have made our faces in that shape at first, and if mirth had been offensive to Him, He would have told us about it."

FRESH FISH.

The physicians generally have set their teeth against the use of fresh fish in these cholera times, but we perceive that a Boston M. D. considers fresh fish the best nutriment that can be taken in warm weather always, and especially when any disorder like unto the cholera is prevailing. Our opinion is that a great deal depends upon the freshness of the fish—fresh sea-fish in Philadelphia, is a very different thing from fresh fish on the sea shore. We believe, with the Boston physician, that really fresh fish is not to be objected to, eaten in moderation.

THE NEW REPUBLICS.

Why has not our Charge d'Affaires at Rome acknowledged the Republic? Our Government should make a standing rule, that every new Republic, established by the people, should be *immediately* recognized. Americans should not wait to see whether surrounding tyrants would ultimately succeed in prostrating them. Let us aid the people of Europe in this manner, if we cannot do it in any other.

What we have said in relation to Rome, applies with even greater force to Hungary.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

The New York Star, of a recent date, contains the following:

ARREST.—Ten *sisters* have been arrested at Philadelphia for assaulting the Western Hose Company with stones and other missiles, on Sunday morning.—*N. Y. Star.*

We suppose it should have been *rioters*.

ROME.

At the latest accounts, the French army was preparing for a general assault, which it was feared the Romans would not be able to resist. A cannonade had been opened upon the city, and many buildings were already much injured. It is well—may Rome not yield until the shame of France shall be legibly imprinted on every hallowed monument of the Eternal City!

THE CREVASSE CLOSED.

The crevasse at New Orleans has at length been closed; and the authorities are taking measures to prevent the evil consequences apprehended from the mud, &c., which the water, as it disappears, will leave behind it.

COLLECTION FOR THE POPE.

Bishop Hughes has published a letter in which he denies that the collection recently taken up in aid of the Pope, is to assist him in his struggle against the Roman Republic. He alleges that it is only for the purpose of contributing to the personal necessities of Pius IX. But he takes occasion in the same letter, to describe the republicans of Rome as *assassins*, who have established a "reign of terror" over the Roman people.

An Italian exile, G. F. Secchi de Casali, a Roman Catholic, comments in the New York Tribune, in indignant terms, upon Bishop Hughes' letter.—He says:

"The object of collecting money," says Bishop Hughes, is, "merely to relieve the wants of the Chief Priest of the Catholic Church." To this I may respond that Pius IX. is not in a destitute state. The Pope is in Gaeta, surrounded by the royal family of the bloody tyrant of Naples, and, from what I have lately heard, is living in sumptuous style. The King of Naples has offered to the Pope $60,000; the Emperor of Russia has sent to him 50,000 crowns; Queen Isabella of Spain has presented Pius IX. her sweetest bonbons, and plenty of Spanish gold; the Austrian Generals, in every city they captured, *imposed on the poor population heavy taxes in favor of Pius IX.*, saying nothing of the thousands of beings they have butchered—in one word, the Pope has received, from the first day he deserted Rome to the present time, large supplies of money from various quarters.—This money is not needed for the use of the Church nor His Holiness. The Roman people, when they proclaimed him fallen from his temporal throne, offered to maintain his spiritual power with his princely income as in former times; this the Pope has declined, and his conduct is making an appeal to foreign nations to reinstate him in his temporal sway, even through seas of human blood, even though Rome should fall into ruins, is enough to warrant the belief that the funds collected in the Catholic Churches in the United States, will in effect be used to overthrow the Roman Republic."

The same gentleman also indignantly denies that the Roman Republicans are assassins, or that the great body of the people are opposed to the Republic. His proof is conclusive, and the whole tenor of our foreign advices is to the same effect—that the Roman people are almost unanimous in their opposition to the restoration of the Pope as a *temporal ruler*. For instance, an American now in Rome writes to the N. Y. Evening Post:

"The people are unanimous in favor of the Republic, except the priests, who of course are desirous that the Pope should return, with all his old temporal power. The great bone of contention is, whether Pius IX. shall be a temporal and ecclesiastical sovereign, or whether his power hereafter shall be confined to church matters, leaving the Republic to regulate civil matters."

We can but express our astonishment at the course of Bishop Hughes, and feel confident that it will meet the strong disapproval of all intelligent lay-members of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. For instance, what can free men think of such sentiments as the following, which recently appeared in the N. Y. "Freeman's Journal," which is generally admitted to be under the control of Bishop Hughes. We did not believe that any American editor would give utterance to such abominable sentiments:

"The Emperor of Russia has girt on his sword and shouts for the battle. Our sympathies for liberal reforms in Europe have indeed been schooled and chastened, as well as mortified, from what they once were, when we can bring ourselves to look on the grim step of the Autocrat, and to say: '*Let him forward in the name of God!*' But if we have little confidence in the word or promises of Princes, we have full confidence *in the thorough rascality and turpitude of mobs and radicals*. They are hopeless, and Europe is overrun with them. The proclamation of the Emperor Nicholas is moderate in temper *and just in its principles and conclusions*. He has been lawfully invited by the Austrian Government to enter the territory of the latter and *help to rid the world of vipers too pestiferous and disgusting to be longer endured in society*. Whether, by a marvel ous conversion from the accursed blackness of his past life, the Czar is coming down to vindicate justice and to maintain the rights of society, or whether, like a second Attila, he is coming as "the Scourge of God," we concede that *his presence has become necessary*, and we wait to see him accomplish whatever "the Almighty Hand that overrules him shall permit."

It is sufficient to publish such sentiments as the above—they require no labored answer. The only answer they need is the indignant scorn which gathers on every free brow, and swells every free heart, at the thought that such opinions should be promulged in an American journal.

And yet one word we will say. Have the editor of the "Freeman's Journal," and Bishop Hughes, forgotten the Nuns of Wilna? Who, because they would not abjure the Roman Catholic faith, and embrace that of the Greek Church, were given over to the Cossacks, to a fate too horrible to relate in words!

CLAY AND TURNER.

The following account of the difficulty between C. M. Clay and Cyrus Turner, communicated by a gentleman who was on the ground, appears in the columns of the Maysville, (Ky.) Eagle:

There are three Pro-Slavery candidates for the Convention from Madison, Messrs. Willis and Chenault and Maj. Squire Turner, (father of Cyrus Turner,) and but one Emancipation candidate, Mr. Burnam. At a regimental muster at Waldon's on Thursday of last week, the candidates spoke, Willis and Chenault leading. Major Turner followed—(although he had promised Cassius M. Clay the stand before him, alledging that Clay was not a candidate, and the crowd was fast dispersing) and made a long speech. Clay then took the stand, and bore more heavily in his remarks upon Turner than upon either of the other candidates, and it was now evident for the first time that there was some unpleasant feeling between them.

On the next day (Friday) another discussion took place at a regimental muster at Fox Town. Willis spoke first, Turner next. When Turner had spoken about an hour, Clay appealed to him to give Major Burnam an opportunity of defending the Emancipationists and their views, but Turner refused and spoke half an hour longer, in a severe strain, during which he read from the *True American* newspaper a portion of the article that caused the Lexington mob and the removal of the *True American* office to Cincinnati. Clay now appealed to the people to say whether it was fair that this article should be read, unless accompanied by the statement so often made to Major Turner, that the article in question was written by a South Carolina planter, (as many of his friends believed, for the express purpose of breaking down his press,) and sent to his office and printed while he was lying sick of the typhoid fever. The article, he said, was as repulsive to his feelings and views as it was to Major Turner's and any other man's—and if he had not been confined to a bed of sickness, it should never have appeared in his paper. Mr. Wm. L. Neale, the *printer* of the True American, was on the ground and would confirm the statement.

Major Turner continued his speech after this interruption, and when he concluded, C. M. Clay took the stand for the purpose of making a kind of apology to the people for the interruptions he had caused. He again stated that he thought each party were entitled to be heard, and that each should be allowed a fair division of the time. That the friends of right and justice by such a course had nothing to lose; for if the Emancipationists held incendiary notions, and advocated principles opposed to the best interests of the country, the people would judge of them correctly, and put them down; while, if their principles were founded in right and justice, it was certainly not wrong that they should be known in order that they may be upheld and supported. After making his explanation, which did not occupy more than two minutes, he was leaving the stand, when Major Runyon, a lawyer of Richmond, at a considerable distance off, plied him with questions, and Clay, with the consent of Chenault, who claimed the stump, endeavored to answer him. Some misunderstanding occurred in reference to the disposition made of the School Fund, in which Runyon pronounced a statement made by Clay false and untrue. Clay referred to an Act of the Legislature in proof of his assertion, and finally told Runyon, who had interrupted him before, that he was a mere tool of Turner, and was obeying his master. Clay descended from the stand in perfect good humor, and without expecting a difficulty with any one, when Major Turner remarked that "Runyon was not his tool." Clay replied that whether Turner knew it or not, he was evidently his willing tool. Upon this, Cyrus Turner, the son of the candidate, stepped up to Clay, and pronounced his statement a d—d lie, and struck him in the face. Clay was soon stabbed by some one behind him, beat over the head with a stick by Alfred Turner and perhaps others, and a revolving pistol was snapped four times at his head, bursting a cap each time, by Thomas Turner. He did not draw his knife nor shake off the hold of those who were clinging to him until he perceived the blood spouting forth from his side and believed from the wound that he must die. With superhuman effort he shook off those who held him, encountered Cyrus Turner, and stabbed him.

The wound took effect in the lower part of his abdomen, resulting in his death in thirty-four hours.

It is stated in the Cincinnati Commercial that, in the rencontre between C. M. Clay and Mr. Turner, a brother of Turner rushed to the rescue, stabbing Mr. Clay, whereupon a son of Mr Clay, aged about twelve years, without one moment's deliberation, rushed on his father's assailant, thrusting a large knife into him, whom our readers are aware is since dead. The boy also procured a pistol for his father to kill Turner, the one he had stabbed, but the father, who for the moment was speechless, heeded not his importunities. We should think this story could not be true, or else the informant of the Eagle would have made some allusion to the circumstance.

The "Shelby News" publishes a statement, as we learn by a telegraphic report, in reply to the above account of the "Maysville Eagle," in which it is asserted that one gentleman was equally as culpable as the other.

MEXICO.

Accounts from Mexico state that the recently almost defunct party of Santa Anna, was again gaining the ascendancy, and that the hero of many defeats was daily expected to land and raise his standard. The people say that money was always plenty under Santa Anna's administration.

A Matamoras paper publishes a document purporting to be a declaration of the independence of the Northern States of Mexico, (the Republic of Sierra Madre.) We do not know how much importance should be attached to this fact.

Our readers hardly need to be reminded, we should think, that Mexican revolutions, pronunciamentos, &c., in ninety nine cases in the hundred, both begin and end in smoke.

CALIFORNIA.

Among our "General News" we publish an account from California calculated to put a damper upon the gold excitement. Mr. Redding declares that no gold digger, within his knowledge, has been able to collect more than *five dollars'* worth a day. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree," to such an extent as they do about California? Mr. Redding says:

"Some lucky individuals collect gold, but unfortunately the greater number do not obtain sufficient to defray their expenses, which are enormous; and the man who can return home in good health with what he has brought hither, may consider himself fortunate indeed. Labor at the mines is that of a galley slave; the most robust constitution cannot stand it a month. Upper California, the fertility of which has been so lauded, is on the contrary of a deplorable sterility when compared with the Mexican Republic."

A party of six who have returned to the city of Mexico from San Francisco, tell a similar story. We judge that this party must be *Mexicans*, because they report that when they went out to the mines they were met by men who took away their provisions, &c., without any ceremony; and Americans would not readily have submitted to such unceremonious conduct. Mr. Redding, however, by his name would appear to be an Englishman or American. If he were a Mexican, we should expect some "cock and bull" story from him.

As to the account of General Smith's flight from California, it may be so, but we shall wait till it is confirmed before we believe it. So also as to the danger which menaces Col. Mason—for the Colonel is, we believe, already in the States.

ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.

The People's Press tells the following anecdote of the old General:

In conversing with a young gentleman from Tennessee the other day, who with Gen. Jackson was something of a favorite, he related to us the following anecdote of the old hero, which we presume our friends will pardon us for publishing:—

Towards the latter part of his life, Gen. Jackson became a member of a Christian church. The clergyman who performed the ceremonies on the occasion of his admission, feeling some doubts as to the sincerity of the old General's repentance, questioned him rather closely concerning his spiritual condition.

"Have you forgiven your enemies?" asked the minister.

"I have," answered the General.

"Have you forgiven Henry Clay?"

"Yes."

"And have you pardoned Seba Smith, the author of Major Jack Downing's letters?"

"No! (raising his hickory) and by the eternal, I never will!" responded the old hero with characteristic piety.

We take it for granted that the old General became afterwards more forgiving—that the above occurred when he was in the first stage of his conversion.

THE IRON MAN.

Mr. A. J. H. Duganne, a gentleman of whose talents and character we have a very good opinion, has begun the publication of a new paper in this city, called "The Iron Man." Mr. Duganne seems to have a great partiality for *iron*. His late volume of poems was called "The Iron Harp,"—and now he gives us the "Iron Man." He seems to have no dread of the perils

"that environ
The Man who meddles with cold Iron."

THE NEW YORK RIOT.

It now appears that out of 244 troops on duty at the Astor Place riot, 144 were wounded. And yet the military are blamed by some for having fired upon the mob. If they had not fired, but suffered themselves to be driven off the ground with paving stones, those that now blame them for firing, would have blamed and ridiculed them for not using their weapons. There are a class of persons who seem to have been sent into the world for no other purpose than to find fault.

J. B. TAYLOR.

J. B. Taylor has started for California. His object is to write back a faithful account of affairs in San Francisco, the diggings, &c. We shall look for his letters with a great deal of interest.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., June 26th, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—I fear I shall need a second introduction to your readers, who by this time must have forgotten me. I trust I need not assure them and yourselves that my late silence has been involuntary and altogether unpremeditated. Yet I must acknowledge that for some weeks past, my pen has been unnecessarily idle. I waited for an impulse, and none came. With me, the *habit* of authorship is every thing—more powerful than ambition, or even the consciousness of obligations. I was out of harness, off the track, and could do nothing. Though the to me most painful cause of my silence has been by a merciful Heaven removed, I cannot feel and be as before. I feel I have grown spiritless, hopeless, lethargic. My mind springs not up elastic from the long, heavy pressure of care,—the cloud has passed over, but the succeeding sunlight seems rather to dazzle than cheer me—the storm has indeed gone by, but my nature seems to have been beaten to the earth, and there it lies. Days, days of our most brief and precious life, pass on, unmarked by deeds of positive worth, or by those thoughts which are in themselves wealth and power—days when the soul only knows it lives by those unsatisfied yearnings, those vain aspirations, which are like eager gazings after treasures hid in ocean deeps we may not fathom, or the stretching of infant arms toward the stars, in their far-away splendor. Some strange, unfriendly influence seems to have power over my soul, to disturb and trouble and weary it. All the joys of life seem false and fleeting, and nothing real and abiding save its sorrows. Discontent and hidden grief lurk in its humble places, cold and barrenness are on its heights and storm on its deeps. It has no shore of peace—no bowers of perpetual happiness—no proud, high places so near to heaven that earth's loud turmoil and dimming mists rise not there.

I know not how it is, but, of late, nature is to me almost discrowned of her glory and shorn of her divinest beauty. I scarcely recognize her mission or understand her language. The fresh morning, the fervid noon, the cool evening, the solemn night, are merely so many divisions of time. The flowers of this glowing season come no longer as poems for the eye, illuminated hymns, types of our immortality, and fair assurances of God's love, but as *flowers alone*, born to blush back the light of a few mornings, shine in the dews of a few nights, and die. And the birds of summer are but shining, palpitating, warbling shapes of dust, and not the echoes and interpreters of the human heart—winged exultations, melodious raptures, the pains, the plainings, the ecstacies, the swift, changing fancies, the wild, tender, uncontrollable yearnings of love. The waves bring me no messages, the far coming winds no greeting, and even the leaves "whisper to themselves" and not to me. I am out of harmony with them all, and feel *de trop* in their company. Perhaps I have hitherto been taken in by a pleasant little fiction of the poets, and these things are mere substantials—have no soul or sentiment, no meaning nor mystery;—perhaps men and nature have nothing in common,—thus clouds and winds, flowers and stars, waves and birds do their festooning and frolicing, blooming and beaming, their dashing and duetting altogether on their own account, independent of our presence and careless of our praise.

At one time lately I really felt that I was again to be on affectionate terms with Nature, and to have pleasant relations with her court and kingdom. I had a dear friend from the city, spending a few days with me, and for her sake, I got up spirit enough to set on foot a praise-worthy plan for a morning's amusement. We rose at four o'clock, roused our sleeping cavalier, and set forth on horseback. It was a rare enjoyment, a new sensation, to be "up with the lark," to hear his first glad greeting to the sun—to see the flowers awake and put off the heaviness of the night, smile and glow while sending heaven-ward their delicate incense, their perfumed orisons. As I looked around on the kindling landscape, and drank in the exhilarating air, and listened to the innumerable bird-warblings, exultations, adorations, strong-winged hopes rose up from my heart, a sense of the fullness and richness and freedom of life flooded all my thoughts, like an overflowing of bright waters.

I have spoken alone of my own enjoyment, but judging from the shining faces and ringing laughter of my companions, I was no monopolizer of the pleasure of that morning. Even our horses seemed to feel the gladness of the season, the invigoration of the hour, and flew over the turf, their manes tossing in the fresh breeze and their fet locks wet with dew.

We took breakfast with some friends, at an admirable hotel, on the bank of the river, and reached home before the heat of the day.

I believe I have once or twice spoken to you of the capabilities and beauty of our village. I suppose it is no lovelier than formerly, but it is now dearer to me than ever. Far as it is from the pleasures and refinements, and varied excitements and fast life of great cities, I am quite certain I could spend my days here very contentedly. But alas, it is not always to be the simple, secluded, dear, home-like place I have known it. The sleepless, merciless Genius of Improvement is already striding toward it, with "seven-league boots"—A noisy railway is to run through our streets, and "the great hotel," commenced in the memorable speculation-times, is actually to be finished. We have as yet no large public house suitable for *taking in* strangers, and when "the Folly," which is a very imposing building, is completed, New Brighton will undoubtedly become a favorite place of summer resort, as well as a better business location.

I must confess I have hitherto looked upon this probable incursion of strangers almost as a coming of Philistines. I dread the change from our present quiet, well-enough condition. Yet, after all, it is little matter who comes, provided the kind hearts and "the old familiar faces" we have now about us still remain;—they who, as Lamartine says, "must ever form for us a portion of that *family of the soul*, to whom one does not indeed owe their flesh and blood, but"—much of feeling and more of happiness. Our society as it now is, intelligent, social, kindly, and generous, is a complete refutation of the senseless slanders on village-life, unfortunately so prevalent in the world. I thank Heaven that my lot has been cast where my faith in humanity, my love for my kind, and all the affections of my heart have been nurtured and strengthened continually.

During a long, dark season of sickness and sorrow, we as a family, have had such experiences of the generous sympathy, the unwearying kindness, the inexhaustible goodness of our friends here, (the friends of a few years only,) as are in themselves assurance of the warmth and truth of human nature, and which we must ever lay away in our hearts embalmed as it were, in grateful recollection.

But this is a subject on which I cannot touch without emotion. I know I should not dwell long upon it, for there is a sacredness about such goodness, and I would not draw toward it the gaze of strangers, invite the observation and the comment from which it shrinks. Yet one involuntary and irrepressible tribute I trust may be pardoned to my heart.

I am expecting soon to leave this place for Massachusetts, by the Northern route. *Hope* I shall be able to write you occasionally during my absence, but cannot promise positively, as I shall probably have very much to fill my time and thoughts. But you will always attribute my silence to anything else than forgetfulness of my friends, or declining interest in your admirable paper—one of the few journals in which I feel really at home.

Yours, as ever,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Publications.

THE MISERIES OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR.

In Bulwer's admirable novel of "The Caxtons," now in process of publication in Blackwood's Magazine, occurs an amusing picture of the miseries of being a Marquis with an income of half-a-million of dollars a year. Sir Sedley Beaudesert, a fine gentleman, with a reasonable fortune—a true man of pleasure—suddenly becomes by the death of a near relative, at an age when his easy habits of living are confirmed, a Marquis with an immense estate. The following conversation will show that exalted rank and fortune are not always without their peculiar cares and troubles, in cases where the possessor of them is the least conscientious:

"A sad affliction has befallen me," said the Marquis, "and none sympathise with me!"

"Yet all, even unacquainted with the late lord, must have felt shocked at the death of one so young, and so full of promise."

"So fitted in every way to bear the burthen of the great Castleton name and property, and yet you see it killed him! Ah! if he had been but a simple gentleman, or if he had had a less conscientious desire to do his duties, he would have lived to a good old age. I know what it is already. Oh, if you saw the piles of letters on my table! I positively dread the post. Such colossal improvements on the property which the poor boy had begun, for me to finish. What do you think now takes me to Fudge and Fidget's? Sir, they are the agents for an infernal coal mine which my cousin had re-opened in Durham, to plague my life out with another thirty thousand pounds a-year! How am I to spend the money?—how am I to spend it? There's a cold blooded head steward, who says that charity is the greatest crime a man in high station can commit; it demoralises the poor. Then, because some half a dozen farmers sent me a round-robin, to the effect that their rents were too high, and I wrote them word the rents should be lowered, there was such a hubaboo—you would have thought heaven and earth were coming together. 'If a man in the position of the Marquis of Castleton set the example of letting land below its value, how could the poorer squires in the county exist?—or, if they did exist, what injustice to expose them to the charge that they were grasping landlords, vampires, and bloodsuckers. Clearly, if Lord Castleton lowered his rents, (they were too low already,) he struck a mortal blow at the property of his neighbors, if they followed his example; or at their character, if they did not.' No man can tell how hard it is to do good, unless fortune gives him a hundred thousand pounds a-year, and says,—'Now, do good with it!' Sedley Beaudesert might follow his whims, and all that would be said against him would be, 'Good natured, simple fellow!' But if Lord Castleton follow his whims, you would think he was a second Catiline—unsettling the peace, and undermining the prosperity, of the entire nation!" Here the wretched man paused, and sighed heavily; then, as his thoughts wandered into a new channel of woe, he resumed,—"Ah, if you could but see the forlorn great house I am expected to inhabit, cooped up between dead walls, instead of my pretty rooms, with the windows full on the park; and the balls I am expected to give, and the parliamentary interest I am to keep up; and the villainous proposal made to me to become a lord steward, or lord chamberlain, because it suits my rank to be a sort of a servant. Oh, Pisistratus! you lucky dog—not twenty-one, and with, I dare say, not two hundred pounds a-year in the world!"

Thus bemoaning and bewailing his sad fortunes, the poor Marquis ran on, till at last he exclaimed, in a tone of yet deeper despair,—

"And everybody says I must marry, too!—that the Castleton line must not be extinct! The Beaudeserts are a good old family enough—as old, for what I know, as the Castletons; but the British empire would suffer no loss if they sank into the tomb of the Capulets. But that the Castleton peerage should expire, is a thought of crime and woe, at which all the mothers of England rise in a phalanx! And so, instead of visiting the sins of the fathers on the sons, it is the father that is to be sacrificed for the benefit of the third and fourth generation!"

Despite my causes for seriousness, I could not help laughing; my companion turned on me a look of reproach.

"At least," said I, composing my countenance, "Lord Castleton has one comfort in his afflictions—if he must marry, he may choose as he pleases."

"That is precisely what Sedley Beaudesert could, and Lord Castleton cannot do," said the Marquis gravely. "The rank of Sir Sedley Beaudesert was a quiet and comfortable rank—he might marry a curate's daughter, or a duke's—and please his eye or grieve his heart as the caprice took him. But Lord Castleton must marry, not for a wife, but for a marchioness,—marry some one who *will wear his rank* for him,—take the trouble of splendor off his hands, and allow him to retire into a corner, and dream that he is Sedley Beaudesert once more! Yes, it must be so—the crowning sacrifice must be completed at the altar."

* * * * * *

"Ah! here we are—Fudge and Fidget! But perhaps," added Lord Castleton, with a gleam of hope in his blue eye—"perhaps they are not at home!"

Alas, that was an illusive "imagining," as the poets of the nineteenth century unaffectedly express themselves. Messrs. Fudge and Fidget were never out of such clients as the Marquis of Castleton; with a deep sigh, and an altered expression of face, the Victim of Fortune slowly descended the steps of the carriage.

"I can't ask you to wait for me," said he; "heaven only knows how long I shall be kept! Take the carriage where you will, and send it back to me."

"A thousand thanks, my dear lord, I would rather walk—but you will let me call on you before I leave town."

"Let you!—I insist on it. I am still at the old quarters, under pretence," said the Marquis, with a sly twinkle of the eyelid, "that Castleton House wants painting."

"At twelve to-morrow, then?"

"Twelve to-morrow. Alas! that's just the hour at which Mr. Screw, the agent for the London property, (two squares, seven streets and a lane!) is to call."

"Perhaps two o'clock will suit you better?"

"Two!—just the hour at which Mr. Plausible, one of the Castleton members, insists upon telling me why his conscience will not let him vote with the Minister."

"Three o'clock?"

"Three!—just the hour at which I am to see the Secretary of the Treasury, who has promised to relieve Mr. Plausible's conscience! But come and dine with me—you will meet the executors of the will!"

"Nay, Sir Sedley—that is, my dear lord—I will take my chance, and look in after dinner."

"Do so; my guests are not lively! What a firm step the rogue has! Only twenty, I think—twenty! and not an acre of property to plague him!" So saying, the Marquis dolorously shook his head, and vanished through the noiseless mahogany doors, behind which Messrs. Fudge and Fidget awaited the unhappy man,—with the accounts of the great Castleton coal mine.

A SERMON, *delivered before the Bishop White Society, on its Sixteenth Anniversary, and in Commemoration of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Introduction of the First Prayer Book in the English Tongue into the Worship of the Church of England: Preached in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, on the evening of Whitsun-Monday, May 28th, 1849, By W. Bacon Stevens, D. D. Published by request of the Society.* This is quite an interesting sermon, giving a sketch of the history of the Prayer Book, &c.

BISHOP POTTER'S CHARGE. We have received "A Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, delivered at the opening of the Sixty-Fifth Convention, May 16th, 1849, by the Right Rev. A. Potter, D. D., L. L. D." The following passages in this well-written sermon strike us as being peculiarly worthy the attention of ministers in general, and of Episcopal ministers, to whom they are addressed, in particular:

"We are placed here as teachers and guides of our time. To fulfil that mission as we ought, we must, in the first place, *understand our age*; we must, in the second place, *sympathise to a certain extent with it*; and we must, in the third place, be resolved that we will, God being our helper, *do something to improve it*. We must understand our age, in order to be understood by it. We must so far sympathise with its great movements, that they who are borne along by them will not be disinclined to listen to us; and improvement we must believe to be possible, or we shall not be induced to attempt it. But how can one understand his age, unless he be willing to see and to admit both its merits and its defects;—or, how can he have due sympathy with this or with any period of history, unless he remember that, in all periods, the same corrupt heart of man holds sway; and that hence the same essential evils, however differing in shape or in degree, must prevail in all. And he who, with a right good will, would labor to exalt and bless mankind, must surely have faith in the efficacy of right efforts rightly applied; and he must go forth hopefully, in the strength of God and of a good cause, to his work. He must be neither a fatalist nor an optimist. Both the form and the spirit, the body and the pressure of the time, he is to accept as *facts*—facts which he cannot set aside, though he may leave them out of view; and he is to consider that it is through these facts, and in the light that they cast upon his path, that he is to labor for the service of the Church of God. These facts he would study and analyse by the aid of a high Scriptural philosophy; and he would study them, not for purposes of speculation, but that he may the better help to guard whatever of blessing we inherit from the Past, and to compass whatever of blessing is possible in the future. Could we but station such minds, vigilant, large hearted, forecasting, hopeful, at the great reservoirs of human opinion and influence, what a benign change might be wrought even in a single generation on the moral habits of mankind!"

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"Under such circumstances what is our duty? It seems to me to be obvious. It is to remember that we are *Americans*, and that both our form of Government and the characteristic features of our social system are *fixed*—fixed both in the habits and in the affections of the people. Our duty is, to guard against the tendency of studies, which lie much with the past, to disaffect us towards the faith and civilisation of the present. We should consider, too, that the traditionary beliefs and practice of nine tenths of the American people are at variance with our own; and that if we would gain a hearing for our cause, it must be done through kindness, courtesy, and a blameless Christian life. We must beware, too, of the fatal mistake of confounding the essentials of our Church-system with the abuses in civil or ecclesiastical administration, which have been sometimes associated with it in our father land; *and never should we be led to speak or act as if we were the champions, the defenders, or even the apologists for despotism.*"

OUTLINE HISTORY OF AN EXPEDITION TO CALIFORNIA. *H. Long & Brother, New York.* This is an outline history, illustrated by a hundred or so of outline engravings, of the "Get All You Can Mining Association." The humor is sometimes a little coarse, but not so much so that it cannot be laughed at. At the close, four of the pictures illustrate the following texts: "They arrive in New York;" "Some of the Californians spend their fortunes in dissipations;" "Having lost their money, some commit suicide"—(in the picture which accompanies this text is "an asylum for reduced Californians"); "Some of the Californians having gained wealth, have lost their health;" "Jonathan marries, and retires on a farm." For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL OF PRISON DISCIPLINE AND PHILANTHROPY. This journal is published quarterly under the direction of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons," instituted 1787. The July number is embellished with a view of the State Reform School, at Westborough, Massachusetts; and contains an interesting article upon said School, and notices of the Philadelphia County Prison, New Scheme of Prison Discipline, &c., &c. Terms, one dollar a year in advance. Published by *E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia.*

Clippings.

☞ There are between six and seven hundred American, and sixteen English vessels engaged in whaling.

☞ Some of the patriotic citizens of Delaware have undertaken, through Dr. J. W. Thompson, to provide a block of Brandywine blue rock for the Washington National Monument. It has been accepted by Hon. Elisha Whittlesey.

☞ Connecticut, we believe, is the only State in the Union in which theatrical exhibitions are not allowed.

MARRIAGE is a hazardous thing,
'Tis something like that feat in the ring
(Which requires good nerve to do it,)
When one of a "grand equestrian troop"
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it.

☞ "Why are travellers never without provision in Arabian deserts? Because of the *sand-which-is* there."

☞ Tinker, the tinman, having departed this life, was about being buried, and the little room was filled with weeping friends and relatives, for Tinker, though ignorant, was humble, sincere and honest, and therefore very many people loved him. The grief of the widow White was, however, clamorous above that of all others. "He was a dear good young man," sobbed she, "he—*did a coffee-pot for me once!*"

Shadow oft the wedded life;
Every boy must have a wife;
Every maiden will be wed,
Eager heart and simple head,
Sure of happiness complete:—
What a shadow! what deceit!
When the nuptial link is tied,
Shadow husband! shadow bride!

☞ VALUABLE ADVICE.—The editor of the Racine Advocate winds up a long article to the ladies, with a word to the "lords."—"A word to married men. Remember to be polite to your own wives, for if you are not, others will be."

☞ M. Guizot has reappeared at Paris. He is about to establish a journal to be called *Le Gouvernement.*

☞ The marriage of Col. Bragg, of a "little more grape" notoriety, is noticed by the New York Globe as follows: "He should have known that his *battery* could not resist the *small arms* of woman."

THE TRESPASS

AS DESCRIBED IN THE LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY.—"Bless me, Mr. Pounce, what is this? (reads) 'For that, whereas the said John Snooks, on blank day of blank, with force and arms, broke and entered a certain dwelling house of the plaintiff's, and made a great noise and disturbance for a long time, to wit, for the space of twenty-four hours.'"

"That, sir, is the declaration in trespass."

"But the man only knocked; he didn't make any disturbance at the door for twenty four hours."

"A mere formal allegation, sir, not necessary to be proved."

"But he didn't break in divers, to wit, twenty doors. There are not twenty doors in the house—he didn't break any."

"Pooh, sir, don't you see its laid under a *videlicet*?"

"Laid under a what?"

"A *videlicet*, that means you must not prove the allegation if it's immaterial, but if it is you must."

"But what's the use of it, then?"

"The use of it, my dear sir! But you don't understand these things; they're *vocabula artis.*"

"And what may that be?"

"Why, (aside) words that raise doubts, swell costs, and enable the 'professional man' to make the most of a very small case."

NANKIN.

"NANKIN.—The cloth sold here for Nankin is mostly all a fabrication, colored with the nitrate of iron, oxidized with the hydrate of lime. The real Nankin is the natural color of cotton grown in China."

Thus says one of the immortal "we's" of the press; and, if we knew the name of his gazette, we would give him credit for the information he imparts to this benighted age and country. But, the learned gentleman is much mistaken. But very small parcels of China or India nankin are now imported. Most, if not all the nankin now sold in our markets, is of American fabric. It is manufactured from nankin cotton, grown in Georgia, and is spun and woven at the Lonsdale Mills, in Rhode Island. The culture of nankin cotton was introduced to this country by the late John Forsyth, formerly Minister to Spain, and afterwards Secretary of State, under the administrations of General Jackson and Martin Van Buren. It is now grown in large quantities by many of the planters of Georgia, and commands a ready sale at large prices. Mr. Forsyth procured the seed from the American Consul at Canton, and at the outset, the project of growing it in this country was deemed wild and chimerical. It is of a darker hue than the China article, and not as handsome.—*New York Atlas.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 30, 1849.

REMARKS—Business of all descriptions continues dull and languid, and the prevailing epidemic has added increased inactivity to the market. The weather has been warm, and quite a number of our citizens have departed upon their usual pleasure excursions. The Foreign news received by the Hibernia, has had but little effect upon prices, and purchasers are generally inclined to learn the tenor of their private advices before operating. The Money Market continues easy, and loans can be readily made at six per cent. There is very little speculation, however, manifested in Stocks, and prices of nearly every description of both sound securities and fancies have slightly receded. There is very little doing in Sterling Bills. We continue to quote at 108½a109¼.

Among the exports from Philadelphia to Foreign Ports during the week ending the 28th inst, we notice the following articles:

Flour, bbls,	3,858	Pork, bbls,	118
Rye Flour, bbls,	1,050	Beef, bbls,	63
Corn Meal, bbls,	4,400	Cotton, bales,	74
Bread, bbls,	1,140	Bark, hhds,	275
Wheat, bush,	3,490	Tobacco, hhds,	66
Corn, bush,	36,374	Domestic pkgs,	430

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been inactive during the past week, and prices have declined 6¼ cents per bbl. Sales of 5,000 bbls for export common brands Pennsylvania and Western at $4,50, on Saturday and Monday last, and since at $4,44, at which prices the market closes quiet. For city consumption, sales of common and good brands at $4 44a4,56¼, and extra and fancy brands $4 62½a5,00. Rye Flour has been in moderate demand, and 1,300 bbls sold at $2 87½a3, but mostly at the lower rate. Corn Meal has been in rather better demand, sales of 4,000 bbls Pennsylvania, part at $1,75, and part at a trifle less, and Brandywine at $2,87½ per bbl.

Inspections of Flour and Meal during the week ending June 28, 1849:

Wheat Flour	bbls	9,025
Rye Flour	bbls	610
Corn Meal		2,970
do.	half bbls	103
do	hhds	30

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has been limited, and holders have been compelled to submit to lower prices. Sales of 9a10,000 bushels common and prime red early in the week at $1a1,03 and since at 99 cts a $1 01, and white at $1,04a1,08. Rye—Sales of 800 bushels Pennsylvania at 58c, and a small lot of Delaware at 55c per bushel. Corn has also declined. The demand has been moderate, and about 50,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania yellow at 60a59c early in the week, and since at 58a57½c, closing at the latter rate, and some white at 57 cts, weight. Oats are extremely dull. Sales of 8a10,000 bushels inferior and prime Southern at 25a29c, and good Pennsylvania at 31a31 cents per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There has been rather more inquiry for Pork, prices have not varied—sales of 3a400 bbls Mess at $10,75a11 per bbl cash and on time—holders ask $9,25 for Prime. Beef is scarce; sales of city packed Mess at $13,50, and country at $12,50 per bbl. Bacon is not much inquired after; sales of 3a300 casks, plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 7a10½c, Sides 6, and Shoulders at 5¼a5¾c per lb. Lard is in limited demand at 7½c per lb in bbls, and 8c in kegs. Butter and Cheese are dull, and sell only in small lots at previous rates.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been very little doing. Bleached Cotton Goods and Printing Cloths have slightly advanced, in consequence of the limited supplies, but in no other descriptions have we any change to notice in prices.

BARK—There is but little Quercitron Bark arriving, and it is wanted; sales of 90a100 hhds No. 1 at $38 per ton. Prices of Spanish and Chestnut Oak have declined in consequence of the large supplies arriving; sales of 3a300 cords at $15a13, for the former, and $11a10 for the latter—closing dull at the latter rates.

BEESWAX—Continues dull of sale; we quote good Yellow at 24c per lb.

CANDLES—Demand limited; sales of 1a200 boxes Sperm at 31a34, and Adamantine at 27a28 cts per lb. Tallow Candles are steady at 11a10c for Mould and Dipt.

COAL—The supplies from the Schuylkill mines are quite light, while from the Lehigh they are only to a moderate extent. The demand, however, continues limited, and prices are steady at $1,87½ for White Ash, and $4,25 for Red Ash per ton. Sales of Lehigh Lump, on board at Bristol, at $3,75, and Broken at $3,87½ per ton. Cargo sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 14a15c per bushel.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The demand has been limited, as the manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants, but holders are firm in their demands. The foreign news has had no effect upon the market. Sales of 400 bales Upland at 7½a8¾, and N Orleans at 8¼a9c per lb.

COPPER—Market quiet; we quote English Sheathing at 21a21½, and Yellow Metal at 18c per lb.

COFFEE—The stock in first hands is light, and prices are firm; sales of 3,500 bags Laguayra at 5 to 6½c per lb on time, and 400 Rio at 7a7½c.

FEATHERS—Are scarce, but the demand is limited. Small sales of good and prime Western at 31a34 cts per lb.

FISH—There has been but little inquiry for Mackerel—prices, however, have undergone no material change—limited sales from store, of No. 1 at $13,50a13,75, and No. 2 at $11,50a11,37½ per bbl for Halifax and Massachusetts inspection; new No 3 Massachusetts are scarce, and command $5 per bbl.

GINSENG—No sales have been reported; we quote Crude at 30c per lb.

GUANO—The sales are limited at previous rates.

HEMP—The stock is much reduced, and holders are firm; sales of 120 bales Dew Rot at $167 per ton, 6 mos.

HIDES—An import of 1,000 Laguayra Hides have arrived, which were previously sold on terms not made public. A sale of 1,00 Tampico, on private terms.

INDIGO—The demand continues limited, but holders are firm; sales of 6a7 ceroons Kurpah and Bengal, at 90c to $1 per lb on time.

LEATHER—Slaughter Leather is scarce and wanted—the supply of Spanish is about equal to the demand.

LUMBER—The market is abundantly supplied with all descriptions, but the sales have been to a moderate extent without change in prices.

MOLASSES—The market has been inactive, and the sales are confined to 30 hhds Trinidad at 21a24, and some Carpenas at 19a19½c on time.

NAVAL STORES—No large sales of Rosin, Tar or Pitch have been reported; sales of 150 bbls Spirits of Turpentine, part from the wharf, at 32a32½c—including the pkge.

OILS—In Fish Oils we have no change to notice—the sales are mostly confined to small lots from store. Linseed Oil is in moderate demand at 60 cts in casks and 61 in bbls. Lard Oil is dull—a small sale of No 1 at 60c.

PLASTER—Is in moderate demand; sales of three cargoes Soft at $4,10a2,31½ per ton.

RICE—Is in moderate demand, and prices are fully sustained; sales of 225 casks at $3,37½a3 6¼ per 100 pounds.

SUGAR—There has been a rather better feeling in the market, and prices have improved; sales of 250 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4¾a5c; some White Brazil at 6¼, and White Havana at 7½c per lb, on time.

SALT—No arrivals and no sales of Liverpool Salt. We note considerable sales of Ashley Salt at 11a11c per sack of 20 lbs.

SEED—There is but little Cloverseed offering—small sales of fair and good quality at $3,50a3,50 per 64 lbs. In Timothy we have no sales to notice. Flaxseed is in good demand at $1,05 measure, and $1,08 weight.

SPICES—No large transactions have been reported.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy from Bordeaux has arrived, but it is not yet landed; there is a moderate demand for the supply of the trade at $1,15a1 30 for Bordeaux, $1,30a1,50 for Rochelle, and $1,6?a2,87½ for old Cogniac; Sales of Holden's Gin at $1,3?. N. E. Rum is dull at 27c. Whiskey, sales in hhds at 21 and 300 bbls at 21½c.

TALLOW—Continues dull at 7½a8½ cts per lb for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—We have no change to notice.

TOBACCO—There is not so much inquiry for Tobacco, but prices are stationary; sales of Kentucky Leaf at 4 to 7c per lb. Manufactured Tobacco is dull.

WINES—The market is quiet, and prices steady.

WOOL—Supplies of the new clip are coming in rather more freely, but with a moderate demand we have no change to notice in prices; the sales amount to 50,000 lbs in lots at 20¾ to 37 cts per lb for common and full blood, cash and on time.

FREIGHTS—The market continues inactive; we quote to Liverpool, Flour and Meal is 3s a 3s 6d per bbl; Corn 6a7d per bushel in sacks and in bulk. To Southern ports the rates are nearly nominal. A new impetus has been given to California Freights, and there are now six vessels loading. Colliers are in limited demand, in consequence of the small quantity of Coal shipping, and the rates have declined; we quote to Boston at $1,35a1,31½; Providence $1; Fall River $1a1,06¼, and to N. York 80a95c.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER. No. 38 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations in Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	107½	108	Mechanics'	26½	27
" '62	111½	112	Southwark	70	80
" '67	116½	117	Kensington	58	60
" '68	117	118	P Township	27	28½
" 5s '53	100	100½	Girard	12¾	13
Int due 1 July off			Western	57½	58½
" 5s '51	98	101	Man & Mechs	25	27
War Bty scr	99½	100	Bk of Com	51	52
U S Tr N 6s	114½	116½	Camden N J	51	—
" 1 mill	116	—	Germantown	49	50
Philada 6s	104	105	Trenton Bkg Co	32	—
" 5s	95	—	Pittsburg Bank	50	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M, Pitts	49	—
County 5s	95	96	Exchange, Pitts	45	47
Penna 6s	100	101½	Com, Cincin	15	—
" 5s	89½	90½	Louisville, Ky	99	100
Kentucky 6s	107	—	Kentucky Bk	57	58
Tennessee 5s	96	97	Northern	106	108
Illinois 6s	44	—	Union, Tenn	50½	51
Cincinnati 6s	94	95	Planters, Tenn	51	—
Texas T. Notes	8	10	Vicksburg	16½	16¾
" bds 8s	—	—	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	51½	51½	N O Gas Bk	115	118
" Int	98	—	Schuylkill Nav	18	20
Lehigh N 6s	68¼	71	Lehigh Nav	27	27½
" Int loan	55	57	C & Del Cl	79	80
" Mort 6s	58	60	Morris Cl	8½	9
C & Del Cl 6s	89½	90	Penn & Ohio Cl	33	35
C & Am R bds	95½	97	Union Cl	11½	11¾
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	140	144
Susqueh Cl 6s	57½	58	Penna R	40	—
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Bea Mdw R	20½	21¼
Harrisburg R 6s	92	—	Lykens Val R	35	—
Wil R 6s	95½	96	North Am Cl	—	12
Read R 6s	65	65½	Susqueh Cl	12¼	12½
" Mort 6s	67½	68	Norristown R	15½	15¾
U S Bk Notes	89	90	Harrisburg R	48½	50
U S Bk Shares	3¼	3½	Wilmington R	28½	29½
N Amer Bk	120	120	Reading R	17¼	17½
Penna Bk	114	113*	Minehill R	45	47
Philadelphia	129	130	N Liberty Gas	39	45
Far & Mec	61	62	Flem Copper	4½	5½
Commercial	56	57	N J Copper	—	—
N Liberty	63	—			

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849.

THE GRAVE OF BURR.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal, writing from Princeton, New Jersey, gives the following account of a visit to the grave of Aaron Burr:—

We envy not the man who can unmoved gaze on the grave of Col. Burr. It is one of the most sad and desolate places that we have ever seen. There is no monumental pile or sculptured marble standing over it, to evince the respect or affliction of a single living soul. Not even a rough unhewn stone marks the head or the foot of him who once held such sway over the minds and feelings of men. Wild grass and poisonous weeds form the sod that partly covers him. The rest of the surface of the grave is sterile clay, yielding no verdant plant or shrub. The stranger treads upon the spot, and regards it not until he is told that he stands over the remains of Burr.

How changed the scene when from this unmarked spot we turn to the sleeping-place of the father of Burr. Over it there is no towering monument, but there is a massive tombstone on which are chiselled the deeds of the honored and loved President of New Jersey College. The grave of the son is only designated by its being at the foot of the father's.

Immediately to the left of President Burr, is the tomb of Jonathan Edwards. "Secundus nemini mortalium" is written on it, and no one conversant with the life and character of the man would erase the characteristic inscription. Still afterward and in regular order are the tombs of Samuel Davies, Samuel Finley, John Witherspoon, and Samuel Stanhope Smith—each loved in life, lamented in death, and embalmed in the memory of a grateful posterity.

The proximity of Col. Burr to those loved and distinguished men renders his fate still more melancholy. Their unforgotten virtues make his vices seem ten-fold vicious. They shut out the few deeds in his life, which might under other circumstances palliate his bad ones.

As the visitor stands over the grave, many scenes in the checkered and eventful life of Burr crowd upon his recollection. He remembers the 6th of February, 1756, when Burr first saw that light through which misdirected zeal led him to so many deeds of woe. He calls to mind the death of both his parents while their boy was only three years old; the handsome fortune that was bequeathed an orphan son; the four days' abscondence from his preceptor, when, too, he was but a child of four years' growth; the runaway from Mr. Edwards for the purpose of going to sea while he was in his eleventh year; and the entrance of Princeton College at the early age of twelve, where he graduated at sixteen, taking the honors of his class in spite of a moral character that envoked much disapprobation. He reflects upon him as a volunteer in the American Revolution, and a soldier in the celebrated expedition of Arnold to Quebec; as an aid to General Putnam, and a conferee of the title of Lieutenant Colonel. He follows him to the study of law and admittance to the Albany bar, in 1782; to the Senate, in 1791, and to the second place in the high gift of the American people, in 1801. He beholds him—the destroyer of Hamilton; the miserable litigant at the New York bar; the reveller in intolerable licentiousness; the intended establisher of an Empire beyond the great father of rivers, of which he was to be Emperor, and the Crescent City the great Capital. He sees him arraigned before the tribunal of his country, and acquitted for want of that overt proof, which his own far stretching cunning had enveloped in impenetrable clouds.—And, finally, he follows him from Staten Island, where, in 1836, he closed his miserable career, to the cemetery at Princeton, to be interred with the honors of war, and to moulder in a grave upon which the curses of injured virtue and the rewards of vicious ambition are to rest forever.

The life, the death, and the grave of Col. Burr carry their own moral. The simple facts tell a tale that needs not comment. Words need not inform us that genius, however transcendent, unless virtue be one of its elements, can attain no eminence on which an unclouded sun will forever beam.

SLAVERY IN TURKEY.

Lieutenant Lynch, in his Dead Sea Narrative, gives the following account of Mohammedan slavery:

"By a law of the Ottoman Empire, no one within its limits can be held in slavery for a period exceeding seven years. * * * *

In Turkey, every colored person employed by the Government receives monthly wages; and, if a slave, is emancipated at the expiration of seven years, when he becomes eligible to any office beneath the sovereignty. Many of the high dignitaries of the Empire were originally slaves; the present Governor of the Dardanelles is a black, and was a short time since freed from servitude. There is here no prejudice founded on distinction of color. The avenues of preferment are open to all, and he who is most skilful, accomplished, and persevering, be his complexion ruddy, brown, or black, is most certain of success."

FANNY FORESTER.

A letter from Dr. Judson, dated March 18th, received at the office of the "Boston Recorder," brings the following not unexpected but distressing intelligence:—"Mrs. J." he says, "has been very ill and continues so; and, what is worse, I have serious and dreadful apprehensions that she will never be any better. She appears to me to be in a settled and rapid decline; but the doctor is making every effort, and holding out strong encouragement that she will recover.

"I write with a heavy heart. A dark cloud is gathering over me; and how dark it will become I know not. But God knows; and He will, I trust, bring light out of darkness. His will be done!"

In a postscript added March 23d, he says:—"Mrs. J. is rather better;" but he indicates no abatement of his fears.

THE CHOLERA ABROAD.

The cholera has again appeared in England, and several cases have occurred in Manchester and other parts of the country.

At Paris the cholera is making the most frightful havoc—even more so than in 1837. Upwards of 11,000 deaths have already occurred, and in one day there were about 900 cases and 600 deaths reported. Marshal Bugeaud and many other persons of eminence have fallen before the scourge.

It has broken out anew in Silesia, Vienna and Presburg, and is raging most fearfully at Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt.

VERY TRUE.

Mrs. Swisshelm says, in relation to a case which has made considerable talk of late among our New Jersey friends:

"When people talk of being persecuted, they should be certain it is for 'righteousness sake,' and not for eating ice creams and drinking champaign without paying for them."

EMIGRANTS.—The Tribune says that the emigrants arriving daily at New York, are of a very superior class. The large number of respectable and educated young men from England, Ireland and Scotland to be found in the boarding-houses is really surprising. Most of them are preparing to go West.

Miscellaneous.

PURCHASE OF A SWORD IN THE EAST.

Among the Orientals the purchase of a sword is an affair of no ordinary importance, and the process of bargaining frequently occupies many weeks. An Englishman, were he to take a fancy to a sword in the possession of his friend, would not be long in expressing his wish in some such form as this—"I say, old fellow, what will you take for that sword of yours?" But a Turk would consider such a course of proceeding highly indelicate, not to say injudicious. In fact, a Turk buys a sword as an Englishman takes a wife; and, I may add, takes a wife as an Englishman buys a sword. When he wants a wife he sends to the market and buys one, and there's an end on't; but a sword is a very different affair, and by no means to be so lightly disposed of. The first symptoms of his having fallen in love are manifested by frequent visits to the house of the sword's owner. They smoke their pipes and drink their coffee together; and, though never a word is said about the sword, yet its owner is perfectly well aware that it is not for his own sake that all this attention is paid him. Presently the sword is introduced; its admirer feasts his eyes upon its beauty, and (as in the parallel case) makes experiments upon its temper. It now becomes generally understood in the neighborhood that such a person is paying his addresses to such a sword, and possibly it may be the case that a rival may make his appearance in the field. In the course of time hints are thrown out, which gradually develope into an offer; and, if the course of love run smooth, in due time the delicate negociation is concluded, and the successful suitor carries off his prize. Thus far the sword appears to have the best of it, but in the world to come the sword and the wife are put upon a par; neither can follow its master beyond the grave. Observe thus the result of the "ever closed Harem!" A man, seeing the face of no woman but his wife in this world, gets so tired of her that he positively requires a change in the next. Out on the unfeeling Moslem that would keep his companion all so selfishly to himself through the weary journey of life, and then cast her off, even at the gate of Paradise!

ANECDOTE OF THE POET CAMPBELL.

When complimented upon his poetical fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction; some mortifying drawback from the ready-money reputation for which his friends gave him credit. Yes, it was very humiliating. Calling at an office in Holborn for some information I was in want of, the mistress of the house, a sensible, well-informed woman, invited me to take a seat in the parlor; "her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would try to give me the information required." Well, I was in a hurry, as usual, thanked her much, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitatingly asked if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription list. "By all means," and putting on my glasses, wrote "T. Campbell," and returned it with the air of a man who had done something handsome. "Bless me," said she, in a whisper, looking at the name, "This must be the great Mr. Campbell! Excuse me, sir, but may I just be so bold as to ask if you be the celebrated gentleman of that name?" "Why, really, ma'am, no," ("yes," said my sanity,) "my name is, just as you see, T. Campbell," making her at the same time a handsome bow. "Mr. Campbell!" she said, advancing a step, "very proud and happy to be honored with this unexpected call. My husband has only gone to 'Change, and will be so happy to thank you for the great pleasure we have had in reading your very interesting work—pray take a chair." "This is a most sensible woman," thought I, "and I dare say her husband is a man of great taste and penetration." "Madam," said I, "I am much flattered by so fair a compliment," laying the emphasis on fair." "I will wait with much pleasure; but, in the meantime, I think I forgot to pay my subscription." She tendered me the book, and I put down just double what I intended. When had I ever so fair an excuse for liberality? "Indeed," resumed the lady, "I consider this a most gratifying incident; but here comes my husband. John, dear, this is the celebrated Mr. Campbell!" "Indeed!" I repeated my bow, and in two or three minutes we were as intimate as any three people could be. "Mr. Campbell," said the worthy husband, "I feel greatly honored by this visit, accidental though it be!" "Why, I am often walking this way," said I, "and will drop in now and then, just to say, how d'ye do?" "Delighted, Mr. Campbell, delighted! your work is such a favorite with my wife there; only last night we sat up till one o'clock reading it." "Very kind, indeed, very. Have you the new edition?" "No, Mr. Campbell, ours is the first." "What!" thinks I to myself, "forty years ago!—this is gratifying;—quite an heir-loom in the family. "Oh, Mr. Campbell!" said the lady, "what dangers—what—what—you must have suffered! Do you think you will ever make Christians of them horrid cannibals?" "No doubt of that, my dear," said the husband, triumphantly, "only look what Mr. Campbell has done already." I now felt a strange ringing in my ears, but recollecting my "Letters from Algiers," I said, "Oh, yes, there is some hope of them Arabs yet." "We shall certainly go to hear you next Sunday, and I am sure your sermon will raise a handsome collection." But this time I had taken my hat, and walked hastily to the door. "Mr. Campbell are you ill?" inquired my two admirers. "No, not quite, only thinking of them horrid cannibals!" "Ah, no wonder; I wish I had said nothing about them!" "I wish so too; but, my good lady, I am not the celebrated Mr. Campbell." "What, not the great Missionary?" "No;" and so saying, I returned to my chambers, minus a guinea, and a head shorter than when I left."—*Life of Campbell.*

MERMAIDS IN CALIFORNIA.

We have reason to believe that, if our seamen were educated, they would afford very essential aid in enlarging the bounds of human knowledge. It is not uncommon now a-days, to meet with individuals in humble life who have travelled in every quarter of the globe, and encountered perils and adventures which would have secured to them the honor of knighthood a few centuries ago. Too often, however, these individuals (who are generally seamen) are so ignorant and unobserving, that they are unable to impart, at the close of their journeyings, any valuable information in addition to what has been accumulated by others who went before them, or to state any facts concerning the different lands which they have visited, other than those interesting to the sensualist.

Occasionally, however, an individual of this class is found, who, having received a good Common School education, has, wherever he has journied, been inquisitive and observing, and has stored up in his mind a vast fund of curious and useful knowledge, which might, in the hands of an accomplished scholar, be made the source of a handsome revenue.

In conversation, a few days since, with a seaman of this character, who has spent several years on the California coast, and travelled extensively in other quarters, he stated a circumstance which he has many times witnessed on that coast, and which he thinks very satisfactorily accounts for the old idea of the existence of "mermaids," who, it will be recollected, were represented as amphibious beings, having the lower half of their bodies like a fish; that they visited the rocks and shores, and could be seen in bright sunny days, with looking glasses in their hands, washing their faces, and combing and dressing their heads, &c. As no similar explanation of the origin of the belief in the existence of this fabulous animal has ever been published, to our knowledge, we here relate it for the gratification of the curious in such matters.

He says that attached to the rocks and pebbles of that coast, there abounds a muscle, which he thinks is a variety of the edible muscle found in these parts, it having a shell, similar in form and external appearance, excepting it being larger, and the inner surface is thinly coated with very handsome pearl, which, when wet will glisten in the sun's rays like a mirror.

There also abounds there a beautiful, playful, and intelligent animal called the sea otter, so beautiful and intelligent, indeed, that the hunters and Indians say that it is almost as painful to their feelings to kill one of them as to kill a human being, and were it not for the very high price which their furs command, it is probable that they would be permitted to gambol in their native element, forever undisturbed by mankind.

These pearly muscles the sea-otter bring up from the bottom for food, and have a way of opening them with their fingers, by pressing them against their breasts. They then hold the shells to their mouths, and eat out the fish in that manner; but as the fish generally adheres only to one shell, the other is dropped, and one hand is then employed in washing the face and smoothing the fur on the breast, head and neck; and the bright shell glittering in the sun, he thinks the same might give a distant and fanciful observer the idea of a girl dressing her head with a looking-glass in her hand, and being witnessed by some young sailors who had long been absent from the charms of their native fair—the bright eyes and pretty forms of the sea-otter suggested to their yearning fancy the existence of mermaids or sea-nymphs. That they are interesting and pretty, all accounts concur.—*Boston Times.*

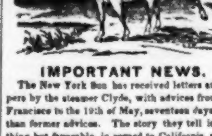
KOSSUTH.

Kossuth, the President of Hungary, as a writer, statesman and general, is alike without his rival in his nation, and perhaps in the world. If his writings and speeches rouse the people to a fury of enthusiasm, his calm, clear judgment guides them through every difficulty and danger to triumph.—To the Magyars he appeals in their own rich, strong language; to the Wallacks, he speaks the language of the Wallacks; to the Sclaves, he speaks the language of the Sclaves; while to the Diet of Magnates and Bishops, he preaches revolution for freedom, and resistance to tyrants, in the purest Latin. Of exhaustless genius, energy and invention, he is never at a loss. Time seems to have marked him for the events he is shaping, and it is hard to determine whether he stands highest as a soldier, statesman, orator or prophet—he certainly combines the four characters wonderfully. Here is a specimen of his oratory, addressed to the Hungarian nation:

"Two things we must do. We must rise and crush the enemy that desecrates the earth on which we live, and we must not forget! These two are needful: should the Hungarians fail in them, then they are a craven people—a people of wretches, of which the very name in history shall be kin to shame! Should the Hungarians fail in these two, then they are a people of dastards and cowards, defiling even the sacred memory of their forefathers. God the Eternal will say of them, 'I rue the day on which I created this people.' And should the Hungarians fail in these two, then they are an accursed people—so cursed, that the air of Heaven shall disown them; so cursed, that the sweet fountain shall turn brackish as they approach it. The Hungarian shall be a vagabond on the face of the earth. Even the bread of charity shall be denied to his prayer. And the generation of the stranger, that hath taken his substance, shall give him stripes for alms. He shall be like a vagrant dog, which even the meanest may strike. Vain are his prayers; religion has no comfort for him. He has desecrated God's work, and God will not pardon his sins—no, neither here nor in Heaven! The maiden he lifts his eyes to, shall spurn him from the threshold, like a mangy beast. His wife shall spit into his eyes in the fullness of her scorn, and his child's earliest words shall curse its father! * * * * Let each man take up arms! But as for the women, let them go midway between Vesprim and Weissenburgh, and dig a wide grave. There will we bury the name, the honor, the nation of Hungary; or else our enemies shall lie in that wide grave!"

☞ Why is a loiterer like a clock? Because he is always going and never gone.

General News.



IMPORTANT NEWS.

The New York Sun has received letters and papers by the steamer Clyde, with advices from San Francisco to the 19th of May, seventeen days later than former advices. The story they tell is anything but favorable, in regard to California, where anarchy appears to reign triumphant.

The troubles between General Smith and his command, and the people of San Francisco, are confirmed. The idea of military rule is repulsed most decidedly. General Smith and a few of his troops have been driven on board the vessels of war in port. The rest have fled to the mines. In consequence of the hostility of the people, and the total impossibility of doing anything by force, Gen. Smith will return home by the first opportunity. San Francisco is completely in the hands of the rowdies, and the streets are one continued scene of fights and brawls. All peaceably disposed persons are in favor of General Smith, and it is the universal opinion that he is not half sustained by the home Government.

El Trait d'Union publishes a number of interesting items brought by Mr. Redding from San Francisco. Affairs at the upper mines were in a most deplorable state. Several attempts had been made on them by the Indians. The latter are represented as being most daring and desperate in character, butchering all who come within their reach. Those who have gone in search of gold do not find it in the flowery path they anticipated.—They are obliged to work in the water up to the middle, exposed all day to a scorching sun. Add to this the attacks of the Indians, which are daily becoming more frequent, the expected approach of the Cholera, the sickness already among them, and we have a faint idea of the miner's life; many are turning their attention to other branches of industry, while many are preparing to return home.

There were over 8,000 persons at the mines, one half of whom are Americans, one quarter Californians, and the remainder Peruvians and Chilians.

The general idea among the Americans is that *no foreigners should be allowed to dig for gold*, and it is almost certain that difficulties resulting in bloodshed will soon occur. The hatred between the Americans and the swarms of foreigners is intense. The average sum of gold collected by all who are at the mines scarce exceeds five dollars per day for each, and it is generally believed that he will be the luckiest who returns home in good health. The expenses of living at the mines are enormous.

Colonel Mason, upon whose circular rests the foundation of all the bitter feelings which have been engendered, is by no means secure, and it is said that unless he quits the country soon, he will be assassinated by the foreigners. El Arco says, "It would be curious if, after all, the law of the party most strong should be proclaimed, and the new masters of the country driven from their new possession."

AMERICAN QUEENSWARE.—The manufacture of Queensware, like that of glass, is rapidly advancing in this country. There are at Liverpool (O.) seven different establishments, giving active exercise to a large amount of capital, and employing upwards of 180 workmen. They turn out more than $70,000 worth of the ware annually, and the Pittsburg Gazette says:

"The ware, which is of two colors, either of a light yellow, or of a dark mahogany hue, is as strong and well glazed as any we have ever seen, while the patterns are, in many instances, very chaste and graceful. This branch of our manufactures has sprung up within the past few years, and has already driven the English yellow ware from our market. It is sold in vast quantities in New York, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities, as well as in Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans and the rest of the Western towns. At Zanesville, O., there are also large factories."

INDIAN AND YANKEE.—The water at Mackinaw is very clear and very cold, so cold as to be almost unendurable. A gentleman lately amused himself by throwing a small gold coin in twenty feet of water, and giving it to any Indian who would bring it up. Down they plunged, but after descending ten or twelve feet, they came up so chilled, that after several attempts they gave it up. A Yankee standing by, observed that "if he would give it to him for getting it, he'd swing it up quicker than lightning," to which he consented; when Jonathan, instead of plunging in as was expected, quietly took up a setting pole, and dipping the end in a tar barrel, reached it down to the coin and brought it up, and slipping it into his pocket, walked off, to the amazement of the Indian divers, and the no small chagrin of the donor.

TEXAS COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—There is a large society now forming in London, with the above title. Some forty, says the Caddo Gazette, have just arrived in Shreveport, on their way to Dallas, in Texas. They are encamped at Mr. Davis's springs, and have a very respectable appearance. They are mostly mechanics and tradesmen. The leader of the party, Mr. John Richardson, has gone on ahead to make all necessary arrangements to receive them in their new home in Texas. These are but the first of the society that have arrived in the United States. We understand from them that about four thousand will arrive here from England during the next fall and winter.

SLAVES WANTED IN CALIFORNIA.—We gave an extract the other day, showing that though it was declared the *people* of California would exclude slavery, yet a merchant at San Francisco, from Rhode Island had bought a negro woman and child for $1,900. In addition, L. W. Boggs, formerly Governor of Missouri, and now a resident of California, says in a letter to a friend in California:

"In connection, let me say, if your sons will bring out two or three negroes, who can work and attend at a hotel, your brother will pay cash for them, at a good profit, and take it as a great favor."

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY UNITING.—The Old Hunker Central State Committee, at Albany, have issued a proposition to effect a union with the Free Soil section of the party. They suggest that "both committees agree to recommend that one delegate from each organization be selected in each Assembly District, to meet in separate bodies at Rome, on the 15th of August next, for the purpose of consulting and devising means of union; and, if it shall be deemed expedient to meet in joint Convention, and suggest names for a union ticket for State officers."

WOOL GROWERS' CONVENTION.—The Wool Growers' Convention, at Washington, Pa., last week, adopted resolutions embracing the plan for a wool depot in Washington. Also, a Savings Institution, for the purpose of furnishing capital to make advances on wool deposited. They also recommend an agency for the purpose of sending wool to Europe, and took the preparatory steps to forward the erection of a large woollen manufactory, to be located within fifty miles of Washington.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—The Postmaster General has, it will be learned with pleasure, taken steps to protect the Post Office Department and the public more efficiently than has yet been done, by instituting a thorough and energetic system for the detection of dishonesty and irregularities. Most ingenious means have been thought of and will be put in practice, so that robbers will have much fewer chances for escape than heretofore.

A RUMOR.—A rumor prevails that a company of seventy one emigrants, from Rapides, Louisiana, *en route* for California, had been attacked by the Indians this side of the Rocky Mountains, and that all except six were murdered.

Clippings.

☞ On dit at Washington that Senator Benton's youngest daughter will soon be espoused to Signor Sanchez, a young Mexican.

☞ A removed Postmaster still affixes P. M. to his name—he says it means *post mortem*.

☞ Helen Faucit, it is said, will undoubtedly visit this country next fall. She will probably be accompanied by Mr. Paumier, an actor of high repute in the English provinces.

☞ The amount of California gold received at the Mint of the U. S. in this city for coinage, up to June 28, is as follows: Total ounces, about 58,458—equal in value to about $1,050,000.

☞ A confectioner of London, Mr. Masters, has invented a method of making ice instantaneously, and at a trifling expense.

☞ E. C. Munn writes from San Francisco that he gets $30 a week as a journeyman on the Alta Californian, and that he can live comfortably and lay up $30 a week.

☞ A letter from California, received at Nantucket, says, "A man's life here is worth about fifty cents on the dollar."

☞ Florida is said to grow the Pineapple of the first quality. A single acre of good soil will produce, with little culture, from $800 to $1,000 worth per year.

☞ The town of Danvers, Mass., has been indicted for not establishing a high school.

☞ CURE FOR SUN STROKE.—Place the patient on his back, in a horizontal position;—give him fresh air; keep him well covered and warm; apply cold water to his head—hot bricks, sand, &c., to his feet and around him—frictions, mustard to the pit of the stomach and extremities. Internally give stimulants—as brandy, ether, ammonia, capsicum, &c.

☞ There are some persons so desperately wicked as not to pay for their newspapers, which evinces a degree of depravity very nearly akin to *total*.

☞ The Nashville True Whig states that the disease which caused the death of the late President Polk "was of a chronic nature, having been troubled with it more or less for the past twenty-seven years."

☞ The Prefect of Police at Paris, deposed recently "that an experience of upwards of thirty years had convinced him of the inutility of capital punishment."

☞ LATEST NEWS BOYS CRY—Ere's the Sun, Ledger and News—*all got the Cholera!*

☞ Wordsworth, the poet, now 79 years of age, was at the Queen's last ball.

☞ Douglas Jerrold, author of the Caudle Lectures, and other celebrated works, has sold his weekly paper—one of the most pungent journals of the age—and is to take charge again of the London Punch, which from the absence of his pen has been rapidly running down of late. Punch had at one time a circulation of 70,000 weekly.

☞ A country school master thus describes a money shaver: "He serves you in the present tense—he lends you in the conditional mood—keeps you in the subjective—and ruins you in the future."

☞ Baron Van Fluegel, Ex-Minister of War to the King of Wurtemberg, died lately in the neighborhood of Stuttgart. Although occupying so high a station in society, he could not read.

☞ In answer to an inquisitive correspondent, who wishes to know what the "Hungarian Diet" is, we state most explicitly that it is for the most part beef and potatoes.

Varieties.

TO KEEP FISH ALIVE.—The London Literary Gazette has the following, in relation to keeping fresh fish alive:

"Those worthy individuals who take delight in Izaak Walton's art, and who, moreover, are in the habit of sending the result of their sports to their epicurean acquaintances, must learn an indispensable piece of information, viz.: how to keep fish fresh. This may be done by soaking the soft part of bread in brandy, and inserting it into the gill of the fish, while it is yet alive, afterwards sprinkling it over gently with brandy. Thus prepared and carefully packed in straw, the fish will keep alive ten or twelve days, as may be proved by putting it in fresh water at the end of that time, when, after a few hours' immersion, it will recover from its protracted drunkenness."

UNGODLY FOOT.—We once heard from the lips of an old man of the Puritanic school, that when brown-top boots were first introduced, he took a fancy to a pair, which he wore, for a Sunday or two, when to his great surprise and annoyance, he was summoned to a church meeting to answer for the ungodly manner in which he appeared on the Sabbath. The good man with the brown tops looked as awe-stricken as if he had been charged with visiting Bartholomew Fair. The elder gravely rose, and stated the judgment of the church, which ran thus: "Should brother George Slater again appear on the Lord's day in ungodly brown-top boots, he will be expelled from this church!"—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

IDEAL TRUTH.—There is hope of a man, who, amidst his frailties and inconsistencies, still recognises Ideal Truth, who will not suffer "faults of his life" to "breed errors in his brain;" who will not bring down the requirement of duty to the level of his imperfect performances; who refuses to adapt his theory of rights, to his practice of wrongs. It is clear that his good angel has not yet departed—his better nature survives—the principle of a sound spiritual vitality still struggles for development. There is hope that he may yet bring up his practice to his ideal standard of duty—that the Truth to which he does homage in his heart may come to live and move in his life.—*National Era.*

A "STAND" IN THE LEGISLATURE.—We heard a capital story, a day or two since, of a man who, having been a candidate, in a border county of this State, for the Legislature, supposed himself to be elected, contrary to the fact. At the time for the assembling of the Legislature, he went to Milledgeville, without any credentials, and ignorant that any would be required of him. When told by some of the members acquainted with the circumstances, that he would not be able to *get a seat* in the Legislature, he very innocently replied—"That don't make no difference; I'd just as leave stand!"—*Richard's Gazette.*

THE POPE BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—A curious fact is mentioned to us in a letter from Bologna.—Although the Austrian intervention is made in the name of the Pope, his holiness is so little respected by the Austrian soldiers, that in every house in Bologna which they entered where they found a bust of the Pope, they amused themselves by decapitating it with their sabres. Thus, whilst Pius the Ninth is rejected by the Romans as a tyrant, he is hated by the Austrians as having been the first cause of the Liberal movement.

NOTHING LIKE SUCCESS.—Lord Gough, who was actually cashiered for his first reverses in India, with the Sikhs, and abused as a mad Irishman, by the London papers and English press generally, has had given to him the thanks of the two British Houses of Parliament. He is now to be raised to the Peerage, under the style and title of "Viscount Gough, of Gooneret of the Punjaub, and the city of Limerick."

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 30.

The market for Flour, at the close, was rather firmer, and closed with a buoyant feeling. There was also better demand for export, and the sales for that purpose reached 5,000 bbls. The total sales reach 8,000 to 9,000 bbls at $4 06 a $4 12½ for fine; $4 44 a $4 50 for common State; $4 56 a $4 62½ for mixed Western, and straight State; and $4 94 a $5 06 for pure Genesee. Round Hoop is $4 75 a $4 87½; and fancy Ohio $5 a $5 31¼, which is better; extra Ohio at $5 44 a $5 87½. In Southern, about 300 bbls sold at $5. Rye Flour moved to the extent of 500 bbls, at $3 06 a $3 09. In Meal, the sales reach 450 bbls, at $3 for Jersey.

ASHES—Continue steady, with sales of 75 bbls. The stock of both is about 3,500 bbls.

COTTON—The market remains steady, and the sales embrace 2,201 bales. Strictly fair Uplands are worth 8¼ a 8½ and New Orleans at 9a9½c.

GRAIN—The market is dull and heavy for Wheat. No sales transpired. Quotations would be entirely nominal. Rye, with sales of 5,000 bushels, at 57½c. In Oats there is something doing at 34 a 35c. There is a good demand for Oats. In Corn the market opened heavy, but at the close was more buoyant; transactions reaching 60,000 bushels, at 57a58c for round yellow, 55a56c for Western mixed; 47a48c for heated Western; 55a56c for Western and Southern yellow, 56c for South Jersey, and 58c for New Orleans heated.

PROVISIONS—There is less buoyancy in Ohio Pork, though quotations remain about the same. The sales are 700 bbls at $10 37a$10 50 for Mess, and $8 87a$9 for Prime. Beef is quiet, but firm at $11 50a13 for country and Chicago Mess. The operations in Lard are 200 bbls at 6¾a7c, closing steady but dull. Cut Meats are rather quiet; sales comprise 150 bbls and tcs at 4½c for Shoulders, 5½c for plain Hams, and 6c for extra.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 26 South Third Street. Philadelphia, July 7, 1849.*

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do	par
Tradesmen's bk.	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Bucks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pottsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	8 dis
Susquehanna co'nty	1½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1 dis
Wyoming	1 dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	1 dis
N Hope, Del. Bridge	20 dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de Grace	1 dis
Far. and Mechanics'	1 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk., Albany,	15 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Atlas bank	6a30 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Ex bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	1 dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	1 dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	1 dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va and brnchs	1 dis
Far. Bk & branch	1 dis
Valley Bk & branch	1 dis
Ex Bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So. Wes. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk. of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	4 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk. of Wooster	50 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks.	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent bks	3½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Bk. of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners Bank	—

A RAT STORY.—The Chicago Democrat tells the following, prefacing it with the remark that the rats of Chicago are "noted for their firmness and daring." A few days since a cat belonging to a friend became the parent of an interesting litter of kittens, which she was carefully rearing, as all well behaved "tabbies" will. A few nights since, however, while exercising the maternal office, "Puss" was attacked by a regularly organized band of rats, which, sad to relate, contrived to kill the parent, and make a prey of the offspring. In the morning the cat was found bitten to death, by the side of nine of her assailants, whom she slew before overpowered by superior numbers. This encounter is, we believe, without precedent.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEIT COIN.—We have just seen, says the New Orleans Picayune, an excellent imitation of an American dollar in base metal, which was detected yesterday morning at the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank. It purports to be issued from the Orleans Mint, and is dated 1846. Our friends, however, will bear in mind the date, 1846, and the Mint mark O, in taking specie, for the counterfeit has been made from a die prepared as the model of a dollar struck at New Orleans in that year.

TOO SMART.—The other day, one of widow B's admirers was complaining of the tooth ache. Mrs. B's smart boy immediately spoke up—

"Well, sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out and puts 'em back whenever she wants to."

A few minutes afterwards, the boy was whipped on some pretence or other.

☞ I have seen it quoted from Aristotle, that the end of labor is to gain leisure. It is a great saying.

ALMANAC.

July, 1849.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
7 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	1 48	
8 Sunday,	4 39	7 21	4 16	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	4 39	7 21	5 4	
10 Tuesday,	4 40	7 20	5 51	
11 Wedn'sday,	4 40	7 20	6 36	Full 5 8 33
12 Thursday,	4 41	7 19	7 23	Last 13 2 1
13 Friday,	4 41	7 19	8 11	New 19 4 9
14 Saturday,	4 42	7 18	9 3	First 26 7 26

Marriages.

On the 27th of the 6th month, at Trenton, N. J. according to the order of Friends, JAMES P. ELLIS, of this city, to HANNAH HENRY, daughter of Thomas C. Sterling, of the former place.

[There was an error in the above last week—we believe it is now correct.]

On the 1st inst. by the Rev John Street, Mr. WM D. LUTZ, to Miss MARY JANE WHITEHOUSE, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the same, Mr. PASCHALL PETERS, to Miss REBECCA HAVILAND all of Philadelphia.

At Deep River, Conn. June 27, by the Rev. E. Cushman, Mr. RUSSEL L. GRAVES, to Miss CORDELIA M. FARGO, both of Deep River.

On the 16th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, at Wakefield, Philadelphia county, SAMUEL M. FOX, of Clarion county, Pa. to MARY R. FISHER, daughter of Wm. L. Fisher.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Sheets, of Frankford, Pa., Mr. SAMUEL H. ROSE, to Miss ELIZA R. VITRY, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. A. Fower, WM. EGAN, to ELIZABETH GAMBLE, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by Ald. J. Mitchell, WM. STAGALHALL, to MARGARETTA DAVIS, both of Del. county, Pa.

On the morning of the 14th ult. at the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Rev. T. J. Thompson, Mr. ERASMUS D. BEATON, to Miss MARY LOUISA SAULSBURY, both of Kent county, Del. Delaware papers please copy.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, JOHN BOORMAN, Esq. to ELIZABETH VIRGINIA, daughter of Mr. John Roset, all of this city.

At Chester, Del. county, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mortimer R. Taylor, of the U. S. Navy, Lieut. EDWARD F. BEALE, of the U. S. Navy, to MARY ENGLE, daughter of the Hon. Saml. Edwards.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, SAMUEL W. HALL, M. D. of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss SARAH MICKLE, of Philadelphia, daughter of the late Samuel Haines, Esq. of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. HENRY STAIR, of York, Pa. to Miss MARY A. DICKINSON, of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. S. S. Shadden, DAVID CANDOR, Esq., Attorney at Law, of Lewistown, Pa. to Miss CAROLINE G. WATSON, of Watsontown, Northumberland county.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, THOMAS E. WILLIS to MARY LOUISA, daughter of Isaac Bates, of this city.

On the 15th of May last, by the Rev. J. Kennedy, Mr. LANDRETH MITCHELL, of this city, to Miss SARAH DANDO, of Baltimore.

Deaths.

At Deep River, Conn. May 10, MARTIN, son of Rev. E. Cushman, aged 4 years.

May 21, MARIA ANTOINETTE, daughter of Rufus L. Bartlett, aged 2 years and 3 months.

May 26, JUDSON, son of Asa B. Smailer, aged 3 mos.

June 2, HARRIET, daughter of Chas. B. Dennison, aged 4 years and 5 months.

June 6, ALFRED, son of Tertius Clark, aged 19.

June 20, MARCELLUS, son of Selden Warone, aged 3 years.

June 21, HOMER, son of Jonathan S. Wilcox, aged 9.

On the 27th ult. ANDREW PHILLIPS, aged 66 years.

On the 29th ult. WM. H. WYNKOOP, aged 38 years.

On the 27th ult. JOHN GIBBS, Esq. aged 6? years.

On the 27th ult. SARAH SPARKS, wife of Samuel A. Lewis.

On the 28th ult. SARAH A. SMITH, aged 30 years.

On the 29th ult. Mr. EDWARD STILES, aged 63.

On the 27th ult. JACOB H. KESSLER, aged 41 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. JOHN LINDSAY, aged 63 years.

On the 27th ult. DEBORAH J. wife of Barclay Lippincott, aged 44 years.

On the 29th ult. JOSEPH, son of Joseph and Mary Lewis, aged 14 months.

On the 28th ult. SAMUEL B. BARTH, aged 15 years.

On the 27th ultimo, MARY, wife of James Muirony, aged 42 years.

On the 27th ult. SARAH A. FIERY, aged 26 years.

On the 27th ult. ELIZABETH GOVE, aged 49 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. HANNAH SHIELDS, aged 22.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH MEARS, aged 89.

On the 27th ult. WILLIAM E. son of Edw. P. and Mary H. Morris, aged 8 months.

On the 25th ult. MARTHA DE BENDER, aged 13 mos.

On the 27th ult. GEO. G. HEDDERLY, aged 21 years and 9 months.

On the 29th ult. SARAH JANE, daughter of Vincent and Caroline Hammond, aged 9 months.

On the 27th ult. JOEL RICHARD, aged 17 years.

On the 26th ult. MARY MOTHERWAY, aged 41 years.

On the 27th ult. FRANCIS, son of Jacob and Mary Showaker, aged 3 years.

On the 27th ult. FRANCIS M. TAYLOR, aged 14 mos.

On the 27th ult. JAS. STUART, aged 53 years.

On the 27th ult. EMMA B. daughter of Clayton and Catharine A. French, aged 8 months.

On the 26th ultimo, at Norristown, LEWIS S. JUSTIS, aged 13 years.

On the 27th ult. SARAH C. wife of Thos. P. Betts, aged 28 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. MARGARET V. wife of Cyrus Davis.

On the 26th ult. Mr. THOS. JACKSON, aged 35 years.

On the 25th ult. JOHN RUSSELL, aged about 31 years.

On the 25th ult. WM. S. SIMS aged 60 years.

On the 27th ult. JOHN COOPER, Printer, aged 67.

On the 26th ult. MARY JOSEPHINE, daughter of Jas. M. and Catharine Carr, aged 3 years.

On the 27th ult. JAS. McHALE, aged 13 months.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 23d to the 29th June.

June 23, received from			
W. B. Zeiber	3 00	T. H. Cooper	1 00
D. Johnson	3 75	J. Scovill	1 00
W. H. Ward	4 77	J. N. O. Bomar	2 00
L. Crossman	20 00	J. G. Reid	5 00
S. C. Savis	10 00	J. B. Adams	2 00
J. P. Nixon	2 00	I. H. Berry	23 00
H. F. Wamith	6 00	L. R. Appleton	4 00
G. Dusenbury	6 00	Perry Davis & Son	15 00
J. J. Hines	5 00	L. E. Fair	2 00
M. M. Goode	2 00	Mrs. Worne	2 00
A. R. Veech	1 25	C. Martin	4 30
M. M. Sanders	2 00		
June 25.			
J. Smith	1 00	W. A. Hopkins	4 00
J. C. Morgan	2 00	D. L. Parker	24 00
C. R. Ellis	3 00	B. Beesly	2 00
Miss V. Washington	2 00	J. Gutshall & Co.	5 00
M. Stevenson	2 00	S. Powell	2 00
J. Fenimore	1 00	J. B. Batsner	3 00
A. H. Curtis	20 00	T. W. Lowry	2 00
W. R. Southward	2 00	J. G. Giltings	1 25
E. Norton	2 00	M. Sims	1 25
June 26			
J. D. Tatom	5 00	A. Cole	17 00
T. Smith	1 00	W. Boines	1 00
J. J. Williams	2 00	H. R. Holmes	3 00
J. Brafford	5 00	J. J. Palmer	2 00
D. Knawer	2 00	C. N. Baker	4 00
K. L. Sanderson	1 00	T. Bishop	2 00
A. M. Bennett	5 00	W. W. Shaw	1 00
June 27.			
Collins	2 00	C. R. Damon	6 00
S. Spickler	2 50	W. P. Stevens	10 00
D. B. Cunnman	5 10	G. A. Smith	4 00
S. Dyer	10 00	J. Brintnall	4 00
R. M. Johnson	4 00	H. Hopkins	10 00
J. Stover	2 00	J. F. Chester	7 00
J. McCune	2 00	S. Dodds	5 00
Mrs. M. W. Cox	2 00	L. H. Ion	5 00
R. P. Bates	2 00	S. J. Nett	11 12
J. Ensworth	1 00	A. Diller	1 00
June 28			
C. Ramsey	1 50	J. H. Gillespie	5 00
D. Brown	5 00	T. J. Hines	5 00
W. Nyce	1 00	H. Clemmons	6 00
H. F. Leventein	2 00	A. Mecay	5 00
F. Wade	2 00	G. L. Caspell	1 00
R. Taylor	2 00	B. L. Booth	3 00
E. Boler	25 00	T. D. Niswander	2 00
J. Welborn	10 00	S. Waterman	2 00
H. Chase	5 00	P. White	124 38
C. Kelly	2 00	T. Baker	2 00
J. M. Crow	2 00		
June 29.			
T. S. Elwell	3 00	S. W. Taylor	6 00
J. Otis	5 00	H. A. Chrisman	2 00
C. McDaniel	1 00	D. B. Wood	2 00
Dr. O. Millings	2 00	S. H. Fredericks	10 00
S. Sarles	5 00	D. Walton	5 00
R. Beardsley	5 00	N. W. Vail	2 00
A. E. Clark	2 00	J. S. Marsh	2 00
Mrs. W. Bartlett	3 00	Phila. College Medi	12 00
S. R. Lawrence	2 00	T. Hunter	2 00
Mrs. M. E. Allen	1 00	T. Blakeney	1 00
Miss E. H. Wheat	1 00	T. H. Atkinson	1 00
A. Lischter	1 00	Dr. J. M. Cannon	1 00

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REGULAR LINE.—Touching at Almond street and at the Machine Shop Wharf at Gloucester, each way. Leaves every hour during the Forenoon, and at 1¼, 2¼, 3¼, 4¼, 5¼, 6¼, 7¼, during the Afternoon.
B. T. McWRIRIE, Agent.

☞ GUNGL'S UNRIVALLED BAND in attendance every Afternoon. je16 3m

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From Scott's Weekly Paper.

THE LADY'S BOOK FOR JULY.

Mr. Godey has surpassed himself in the Magazine for July. It is, as he says in his advertisement, "one blaze of glory throughout." On the title-cover is a beautiful steel plate of a lady in full riding costume, with horse and groom. The chief plate of the Book is "The First Parting," exquisitely engraved by Walter; this plate is a match to the "Dawn of Love," in the January No. The next is a humorous picture, finely mezzotinted by Welch, and called "Returned from his Travels." It is a fair hit at some of the travelled man-monkeys of the day. Next we have a fashion plate, colored as usual, of three figures; then a plate of a lady practising Archery Shooting. These are followed by a tinted engraved view of the beautiful "Cottage of Wm. Gatzmer, Esq.," at Tacony, on the banks of the Delaware. The music in this No. is exquisite, and the words charming. Our amiable friend, Mr. Peter Richings, is the author of the words, written by him for "Monte Crivo," the music by W. P. Cunnington. In addition to all this, we have a good view of the interior of the great Hall at Mount Vernon, built by Washington; and a beautiful engraving of a Pic Nic Party, with a front elevation of Gatzmer's cottage, and the interior and ground plans.—These are followed by the Cage Birds of America, (two engravings,) and an engraving of the monthly Bouquet, with patterns for embroidery.

We have thus glanced at only the embellishments, which are printed on fine paper of five different colors. The reading contents of the Lady's Book for July are, we seriously think, superior to any previous No., both as to quantity and quality. There are 84 pages, 36 more than was promised, and all from authors of the highest celebrity.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE.

Single copy 1 year, with a premium, $3
2 copies " " 5
3 " " " 6
5 " and an extra copy to person sending the club, 10

Address, L. A. GODEY, 113 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. tf

CHOLERA. A SURE REMEDY! A PREVENTIVE! A CURE!!!

THE following letter is from Mr. WOODWARD, of St. Louis, to J. N. HARRIS, Esq., New London, Conn., General Wholesale Agent for our PAIN KILLER.

Mr. Woodward is a resident of St. Louis, a gentleman of high respectability, and during the prevalence of the Cholera in that city has watched the result of the application of our PAIN KILLER for this disease, and his testimony can be relied upon with the utmost confidence.

ST. LOUIS, May 31, 1849.

J. N. Harris, Esq.—Dear Sir:—You will recollect when I saw you in New London, in January last, my expressing to you my most sanguine expectations that DAVIS' PAIN KILLER would have a tremendous sale in the West this season, and my anticipations have been more than realized; and by testimony of thousands who have used it, has been that they would not be willing to go to bed at night without it in the house.

On the appearance of the Cholera in this city, such was the confidence in the Pain Killer as a remedy, that many who purchased it remarked to me that they had no fears or dread of the Cholera as long as they had the Pain Killer by them, and hundreds took it daily as a preventive, for no person can have a derangement of the bowels or diarrhoea, if they use this medicine daily. This was the security and confidence of hundreds acquainted with it, and when their friends were attacked with the Cholera, they would administer this remedy in large quantities internally, and also externally, by bathing and rubbing them with it,—and in every case where it has been taken in any of the first stages of this disease, it has proved successful. I consider it an infallible remedy. I have not heard of an individual in any family who used the Pain Killer when attacked but speedily recovered.

Capt. Brodwell, of the steamer Atlantic, a New Orleans packet, informed me that on one of his trips up the river to this city, that there were upwards of seventy cases of Cholera on board, and the Pain Killer was used with complete and triumphant success.

The Clerk informed me that he administered it to persons when cold and in the cramps, and it gave immediate relief, but still it should be given quickly, for when the discharge of "rice water" has begun, the hope of life has fled. Should this disease make its appearance among you, as in all probability it will, be not alarmed; you and all others there have the remedy, and I am confident if the Pain Killer is used, not a death by Cholera will occur.

If the Cholera comes among you watch its progress, and the remedy use, *and mark my words*, the family who uses the Pain Killer daily, will have no diarrhoea, no disarrangement of the bowels, and consequently no Cholera. If those who are attacked will use the Pain Killer early and thoroughly, they will be saved. This has been the experience of hundreds in this city during the ravages of this dreadful disease.

* * * * * * *

I have not been able to supply one-fourth of the demand. I have received orders from persons begging me to send them some.

Now, for your own sake, for my sake, and for the sake of suffering thousands, make some arrangements that your agents can be supplied. Increase your manufacture, do something that a suffering world may be relieved from pain, for the time will come when not a family on this continent will be willing to do without it a single day.

Respectfully yours,
A. T. WOODWARD.

Those using the Pain Killer should strictly observe the following directions:

At the commencement of the disease take a teaspoonful of Pain Killer in sugar and water, and then bathe freely across the stomach and bowels with the Pain Killer clear.

Should the diarrhoea or cramps continue repeat the dose every fifteen minutes. In this way the dreadful scourge may be checked and the patient relieved in the course of a few hours.

N. B. Be sure and get the genuine article, as there is some spurious stuff about the country. For sale by the principal druggists in the United States.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,
je30-2t 74 High St., Providence, R. I.

WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS.

NO MEDICINE HAS EVER YET OBTAINED, and continued to hold the reputation of these celebrated PILLS. They are acknowledged on all hands, by every person who ever used them, to be not only the mildest, yet prompt and efficient cathartic. Nor is this their only virtue—they are a combination of the most valuable vegetable remedies of the Materia Medica—they purify the blood; they equalize the circulation—they do not debilitate, but restore the stomach and bowels to their natural action. As a vermifuge for children or adults, they have no equal; they are one of the best female medicines extant. Hence, as a general family medicine, to be used in all cases where a medicine of like character is indicated, Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills have no superior.

The Editor of the "Sunday Globe" mentions the following fact, in speaking of the high character of the Pills: "An agent for our paper who stepped in to settle his indebtedness, and who lives in a small interior village of this State, of not over one thousand inhabitants, stated that he sold, the week before he came, no less than seventy-two boxes of *Worsdell's Vegetable Restorative Pills*, and that his sales were seldom less than fifty boxes per week." Let but a fair trial be given them, and the same reputation will follow them wherever introduced.

They may be obtained of D. F. Bradlee & Son, 132 Washington st., Boston; C. H. Ring, Broadway and John st., New York; William A. Pierce, Stanwix Hall, Albany, N. Y.; John Burton, 107 Fayette st., Baltimore; S. W. Pease & Co., Cincinnati; Dr. Easterly, St. Louis; R. Morris & Co., Jackson, Miss.; Isaac E. Barry, Knoxville, Tenn.; Oliver Pray, General Agent for Michigan; Jos. H. Dawson, Washington, Ia., and of most of the Druggists in Philadelphia.

A. WEEKS, & CO., Proprietors.
Laboratory, 141 CHESNUT Street, Philadelphia.
june 23-1m

FASHIONABLE BLIND STORE.—The undersigned having taken the store formerly occupied by J. W. Cassady, No. 7 Hart's Buildings, Sixth above Chesnut street, where he has on hand Blinds of original Patterns, Colors and Trimmings, and will manufacture to order warranted to be equal to any in the United States, would respectfully invite the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Manufactory and store 347 Race street below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.

ROBERT W. KENSIL, Practical Blind maker.
ap14 1y

WM. S. McILHENNEY, M. D.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 386 CHESNUT Street, opposite the U. S. Mint, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES.

Profes'r, N. L. Chapman,	Profes'r, Saml. Jackson,
" Robert Hare,	" Jas. B. Rodgers,
" Wm. Gibson,	" Jas. McClintock,
" Wm. E. Horner,	Doctor Casper Morris,
Doctor Joseph E. McIlhenney	mar18-1y

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ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 128 Nassau street, New York.

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☞ All Boxes, Packages, &c., are forwarded at our risk. feb 10-tf

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Payment is required in advance.	

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The edition is at present 40,000, and constantly increasing. For terms address,
L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

The subscribers certify that they have printed 40,000 copies of the July No. of the Lady's Book.
T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, Printers.

The subscriber certifies to having printed 40,000 copies of the plates in the July No.
D. STEVENS, Steel Plate Printer.

The circulation of the Lady's Book is equal to any two of the other monthly magazines. tf

TO THE PUBLIC.

Numerous statements have recently been going the rounds, in relation to cures and preventatives of ASIATIC CHOLERA. These remedies are so opposite in character and so impotent in medicinal effect upon the human system, that it is astonishing that men of intelligence and discrimination should for one moment give them a passing thought. How physicians can be so duped is a wonder, unless, like drowning men, floundering amid the confusion of their own systems, and daily witnessing the impotency of their own remedies, they catch at straws. In 1846, I submitted a proposition to the Hon. Geo. Sykes, member of Congress from New Jersey, and requested him to lay my views before the proper tribunal at Washington, stating that I had discovered a remedy for DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLIC, &c., and believed that if used among our troops then in Mexico, and dying daily, it would cure three-fourths. I said, that so confident was I of its powers, that if it did not prevent and cure three-fourths of the cases if administered according to my directions, (and these directions should not interfere with the discipline of the troops,) I asked no compensation, and I would furnish from one to five hundred dollars' worth. The proposition, as a natural consequence, was laid under the table. Desirous of testing the powers of the remedy in that country, I placed a box of it in the care of Capt. Wilcox, with a letter explanatory of my desire, &c. The subjoined is directly established by his letter. I also go further, and conscientiously believe that it will cure and prevent the ASIATIC CHOLERA. I stand prepared to prove, by practical demonstration, that I can cure nine-tenths of all cases of this disease, and if the public authorities will afford me an opportunity, I will satisfy every one that this belief is founded on facts. This much I know, as a remedy for derangements of the stomach and bowels nothing in the annals of medicine holds a comparison with it. Pathologically, there is no difference between ASIATIC CHOLERA and CHOLERA MORBUS, except that the former exists epidemically and consequently more violent whereas, the other does not. ☞ To all who are unable to purchase, the remedy will be cheerfully given. ☜ But to the letter:

PHILADELPHIA, June 1st, 1849.

DR. J. N. KEELER:—Sir: I received your note this morning, asking for information as to the distribution I made of the package of Cordial you put into my possession while in command of the United States transport, during the Mexican war. According to your directions, a part was distributed in Vera Cruz, the other I kept for the use of my seamen and others on board, believing I should have use for it as I had frequently on board from one to three hundred persons, and that on leaving Mexico many would be on the sick list. *Such was the fact. Dysentery and Diarrhoea* extensively prevailed. I used the Cordial freely, *and not in a single instance do I recollect of its having failed to completely cure.* My own crew would often be attacked with *Diarrhoea and Dysentery*, peculiar to nearly all, after getting on shore and eating fruit and vegetables. *In all such cases, the Cordial failed in none to cure speedily.*

When in New Orleans, a friend informed me of a Philadelphia gentleman (S. Churchman, Esq.) who was sick with the *Dysentery*, and despaired of by his doctor. I mentioned having a bottle or so of your Cordial; he sent it to him, and in a few days I had the pleasure of seeing him on 'Change, and well. I can give many testimonials and names, of the efficacy of your Cordial if necessary. I have given it to one ship master of this port, Capt. Whipple, ship Monongahela, and he informed me he would not be without it; and from my own opinion of it, I think it the *safest* and *best medicine* I have ever used, or have known to be used in affections of the stomach and bowels. I remain yours, respectfully, D. L. WILCOX.

No. 285 South Eighth St.

This remedy is for sale at the N. W. corner of Third and South, and Third and Green streets; corner 12th and Chesnut; Browning & Brothers; F. Klett & Co., Second and Callowhill; T. B. Pierson, and by druggists generally throughout the city.

☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. je30-3m

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We are not given to boasting, but we do promise to the patrons of "Graham's Magazine," when we enter upon the new volume, something that all will admit to be far superior to anything they have ever had,—and, what is more, we intend that the excellence that marks our January number, shall characterise every succeeding number throughout the whole volume. This promise we give, and it shall be faithfully redeemed.

No one who desires to possess a perfect gem of a Periodical, should neglect subscribing for "Graham's Magazine." Public opinion long ago established it at the head of all publications of the kind in the country, and of its merits in times past won for it this honor, its *EXCELLENCE FOR THE FUTURE*, will gain for it even more emphatic praise.

The contributors to "Graham's Magazine" are among the very best authors of the age. Its editors possess experience, and a knowledge of the public taste. Its artists are eminent in their profession, and when it is remembered that the distinguished Engraver, WILLIAM E. TUCKER, is engaged exclusively for our Magazine for the coming year, it will be acknowledged that, however excellent other similar publications may be in their way, "Graham's Magazine" is destined to maintain the superior place it has so long occupied.

Now is the time to subscribe. The terms of subscription are given below. Look at them—observe the cheap rate at which this Gem of a Magazine is furnished—and mark, particularly, the PREMIUM OFFER, through the agency of which, this unrivalled publication may be had for *TWO YEARS AT LESS THAN THE COST OF A SINGLE COPY FOR A SINGLE YEAR.*

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For the convenience of those desiring to form Clubs in connection with other publications, we will send One copy of the Magazine and One copy of the Saturday Evening Post for FOUR DOLLARS.

One of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for FIVE DOLLARS.

Three copies of the Magazine, and Four of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.

Four copies of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.

Six copies of the Magazine, and Nine of the Post for TWENTY DOLLARS.

☞ Postage on all letters to be pre-paid.

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The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to "Graham's Magazine," during the year between the 1st of December, 1848, and the 1st of December, 1849, (the Magazine to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The Magazine will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agent through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be. Address,

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO., 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

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A NUMBER OF ACTIVE MEN, to go South and West. Also, some in the New England States, to act as agents for the sale of new and popular works, $300 per year profits over and above their expenses will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1,000 per year, and more, if they are active. Some men now in our employ, will, no doubt, make over $2,000 per year, clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 to $50, to obtain a good fitting out. Apply to A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Phila.

All letters must be post paid. ap28-3m

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mar10-tf GEORGE B. DEACON.

I. O. O. F.

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TERMS.

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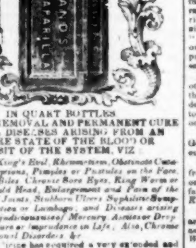
☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular terms will be practised. *If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*



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FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago; and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites or Dropsy, Exposure or imprudence in Life, Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders, &c.

THIS Medicine has acquired a very extended and established reputation wherever it has been used, based entirely on its own merits, which its superior efficacy has alone sustained. The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews and bones half carious has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers, loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the rack of disease, and now, with regenerated constitutions, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

The attention of the reader is called to the following astonishing cure, effected by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla.

This is to certify that I have a colored woman who has been afflicted for the last five years with scrofula, and all the remedies I used had no effect in arresting the progress of the complaint; on the contrary, she constantly grew worse; and after expending between $70 and $80 with physicians, besides using other popular remedies without success, till the disease had eaten away the cartilage of her nose, made its appearance on various parts of her body, and had finally commenced its ravages on the roof of her mouth.

In this dreadful situation, with the prospect of death staring her in the face, I stated her case to Dr. Dixon, the agent for Sands' Sarsaparilla in Newbern, N. C., by whom I was advised to use that article; and to my surprise and that of my neighbors, to whom her case was known, after using four and a half bottles she was restored to perfect health, and that in the space of three weeks, and was able to work in two weeks from the time she commenced taking it.

In witness of the truth of this statement, I have hereunto affixed my name, this 19th day of Sept., 1847.

JOSEPH McCOTTER, J. P.
Mouth of Neuse River, Craven Co., N. C.

SORE THROAT.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Bevan, who had been afflicted several years with Scrofulous Ulcers, Dyspepsia, &c., and recently an affection of the throat and chest:—

Baileysburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1846.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS: Before I commenced using your Sarsaparilla, my sufferings were almost past expression; my throat was completely ulcerated, I had a dreadful cough, and there were frequently weeks together that I could not speak above a whisper; and besides, the inflammation from my throat extended to my head so that my hearing was very much impaired. After taking the Sarsaparilla a short time, my health improved, and my throat is now well; I am as free from cough and tightness of the chest as ever I was, and can hear quite distinctly. My throat has been well about three months, the cure of which has been effected entirely by the use of your Sarsaparilla. Your friend, LOUISA R. BEVAN.

The following testimonial to the value of the Sarsaparilla, is from the Rev. Luther Wright, aged 78 years, Congregational Minister, residing at Woburn.

Woburn, Mass., March 30th, 1846.

Messrs. Sands: Gentlemen—From what I have experienced, and from the information I have recently received from a number of persons of high respectability who have used your Sarsaparilla, I have not the *least doubt* but that it is a most valuable medicine, and that the numerous certificates you have received of its efficacy are fully sustained by *experience*; and although its reputation and utility are very extensive, and stand in no need of my humble efforts to increase them, I want all who are afflicted by disease to become acquainted with the *efficacy* and *power* of your valuable medicine.

I am, gentlemen, gratefully and very respectfully yours, LUTHER WRIGHT.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per Bottle; six Bottles for $5.

For sale in Philadelphia by *Frederick Brown*, corner Fifth and Chesnut street; *Frederick Klett & Co.*, corner Second and Callowhill; *Robert Shoemaker*, corner Second and Green; *Angney & Dickson*, corner Fifth and Spruce streets. Also, by the following agents: *B. A. Fahnestock & Co.*, Pittsburg, Pa.; *R. B. Hineman*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *J. B. Wilder & Co.*, Louisville, Ky.; *G. W. Norton*, Lexington, Ky.; *R. & J. Adams*, St. Louis, Mo.; *O. Woodman*, Vicksburg, Miss.; *W. H. Fox*, Natchez, Miss.; *Stickels & Co.*, New Orleans; *Joseph Tucker*, Mobile, Ala.; *Cottar & Carr*, Montgomery, Ala.; *Pond & Wilcox*, Columbus, Ga.; *Bruen & Virgins*, Macon, Ga.; *W. M. Mackay*, Savannah, Geo.; *Haviland Harral & Co.*, Charleston, S. C.; *Haviland, Risley & Co.*, Augusta, Geo.; *Dr. A. Fitch*, Columbia, S. C.; *James R. M. Kean*, Camden, S. C.; *P. F. Pescud*, Raleigh, N. C.; *T. H. Rosser*, Petersburg, Va.; *M. A. Santos*, Norfolk, Va.; *Alexander Duval*, Richmond; *James Cooke*, Fredericksburg; *R. S. Patterson*, Washington, D. C.; *Canby & Bartlett*, Baltimore; *R. D. Johnson & Co.*, Cumberland, Md.; *Seth W. Fowl*, Boston, Mass., and *Allison & Gault*, Concord, N. H. je30-3t

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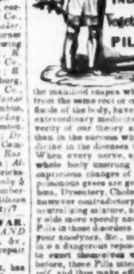

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CHILLS AND FEVER.
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ERYSIPELAS.
FLATULENCE.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
GIDDINESS.
SCROFULA.

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Selected Poetry.

COMING EVENTS.

FROM THE GATESHEAD OBSERVER.

There's a good time coming, Girls,
A good time coming:
Then we all shall married be,
And ended single misery,
In the good time coming.
Pouting lips may gain our end,
But coaxing words are stronger:
We'll win our conquest by their aid—
Oh! wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, Girls,
A good time coming:
Husbands shall no longer rule,
And treat their wives like girls at school,
In the good time coming.
But we'll assert a woman's right,
And make our influence stronger,
And raise a revolution quite—
Oh! wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, Girls,
A good time coming:
Soirees then we'll give, and balls,
And have delightful opera stalls,
In the good time coming.
With loves of bonnets, shawls, and gowns,
Oh, shan't we come out stronger,
And never fear a husband's frowns—
Oh! wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, Girls,
A good time coming:
Then we'll pack our family
Up into the nursery,
In the good time coming.
The little brats may learn to write
And read when they get stronger:
Meantime they may romp and fight,
And wait a little longer.

Romance of History.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

[One of the most singular circumstances recorded in history, is the affair of the "Diamond Necklace," which occurred a short time previous to the breaking out of the great French Revolution. We take the following account of it from Abbott's "Life of Maria Antoinette," recently published by the Harpers.]

About this time there occurred an event which, though apparently trivial, involved consequences of the most momentous importance. It was merely the fraudulent purchase of a necklace, by a profligate woman, in the name of the Queen. The circumstances were such as to throw all France into agitation, and Europe was full of the story.

"Mind that miserable affair of the necklace," said Talleyrand; "I should be nowise surprised if it should overturn the French monarchy." To understand this mysterious occurrence, we must first allude to two very important characters implicated in the conspiracy.

The Cardinal de Rohan, though one of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and of the most illustrious rank, was a young man of vain and shallow mind, of great prodigacy of character, and perfectly prodigal in squandering, in ostentatious pomp, all the revenues within his reach. He had been sent as Ambassador to the Court of Vienna. Surrounding himself with a retinue of spendthrift gentlemen, he endeavored to dazzle the Austrian Capital with more than regal magnificence. Expending six or seven hundred thousand dollars in the course of a few months, he soon became involved in inextricable embarrassments. In the extremity of his distress, he took advantage of his official station, and engaged in smuggling with so much effrontery that he almost inundated the Austrian Capital with French goods. Maria Theresa was extremely displeased, and, without reserve, expressed her strong disapproval of his conduct, both as a Bishop and as an Ambassador. The Cardinal was consequently recalled, and, disappointed and mortified, he hovered around the Court of Versailles, where he was treated with the utmost coldness. He was extremely anxious again to bask in the beams of royal favor. But the Queen indignantly repelled all his advances. His proud spirit was nettled to the quick by his disgrace, and he was ripe for any desperate adventure to retrieve his ruined fortunes.

There was, at the same time, at Versailles, a very beautiful woman, the Countess Lamotte. She traced her lineage to the Kings of France, and by her vices, struggled to sustain a style of ostentatious gentility. She was consumed by an insatiable thirst for recognized rank and wealth, and she had no conscience to interfere in the slightest degree, with any means which might lead to these results. Though somewhat notorious as a woman of pleasure, to the courtiers who flitted around the throne, the Queen had never seen her face, and had seldom heard even her name. Versailles was too much thronged with such characters for any one to attract any special attention.

Maria Antoinette, in her earlier days, had been extremely fond of dress, and particularly of rich jewelry. She brought with her from Vienna a large number of pearls and diamonds. Upon her accession to the throne, she received, of course, all the crown jewels. Louis XV. had also presented her with all the jewels belonging to his daughter, the dauphiness, who had recently died, and also with a very magnificent collar of pearls, of a single row, the smallest of which was as large as a filbert. The King, her husband, had, not long before, presented her with a set of rubies and diamonds of a fine water, and with a pair of bracelets which cost forty thousand dollars. Bohmer, the crown jeweller, had collected, at a great expense, six pear-formed diamonds of prodigious size. They were perfectly matched, and of the finest water. They were arranged as ear rings. He offered them to the Queen for eighty thousand dollars. The young and royal bride could not resist the desire of adding them, costly as they were, to her casket of gems. She, however, economically removed two of the diamonds which formed the tops of the clusters, and replaced them by two of her own. The jeweller consented to this arrangement, and received the reduced price of seventy-two thousand dollars, to be payed in equal instalments for five years from the private purse of the Queen. Still the Queen felt rather uneasy in view of her unnecessary purchase. Murmurs of her extravagance began to reach her ears. Satiated with gaiety, and weary of jewels, as a child throws aside its playthings, Maria Antoinette lost all fondness for her costly treasures, and began to seek novelty in the utmost simplicity of attire, and in the most artless joys of rural life. Her gorgeous dresses hung neglected in their wardrobes. Her gems, "of purest ray serene," slept in the darkness of the unopened casket. The Queen had become a mother, and all those warm and noble affections which had been diffused and wasted upon frivolities, were now concentrated with intensest ardor upon her children. A new era dawned upon Maria Antoinette. Her soul, by nature exalted, was beginning to find objects worthy of its energies. Rapidly she was groping her way from the gloom of the most wretched of all lives—a life of pleasure and of self-indulgence—to the true and ennobling happiness of benevolence and self-sacrifice.

Bohmer, the jeweller, unaware of the great change which had taken place in the character of the Queen, resolved to form for her the most magnificent necklace which was ever seen in Europe. He busied himself for several years in collecting the most valuable diamonds circulating in commerce, and thus composed a necklace of several rows, whose attractions, he hoped, would be irresistible to the Queen. In the purchase of these brilliant gems, the jeweller had expended far more than his own fortune. For many of them he owed large sums, and his only hope of paying these debts was in effecting a sale to the Queen.

Bohmer requested Madame Campan to inform the Queen what a beautiful necklace he had arranged, hoping that she might express a desire to see it. This, however, Madame Campan declined doing, as she did not wish to tempt the Queen to incur the expense of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, the price of the glittering bauble. Bohmer, after endeavoring for some time in vain to get the gems exposed to the eye of the Queen, induced a courtier, high in rank, to show the superb necklace to his majesty. The King, now loving the Queen most tenderly, wished to see her adorned with this unparalleled ornament, and sent the case to the Queen for her inspection. Maria Antoinette replied, that she had already as many beautiful diamonds as she desired; that jewels were now worn but seldom at Court; that she could not think it right to encourage so great an expense for such ornaments, and that the money they would cost would be much better expended in building a man-o'-war. The King concurred in this prudent decision, and the diamonds were returned to the jeweller from their majesties with this answer:—"We have more need of ships than of diamonds."

Bohmer was in great trouble, and knew not what to do. He spent a year in visiting the other Courts of Europe, hoping to induce some of the sovereigns to purchase his necklace, but in vain. Almost in despair, he returned again to Versailles, and proposed the King should take it and pay for it partly in instalments and partly in life annuities. The King mentioned it again to the Queen. She replied, that if his majesty wished to purchase the necklace, and keep it for their daughter, he might do so. But she declared that she herself should never be willing to wear it, for she could not expose herself to those censures for extravagance which she knew would be lavished upon her.

The jeweller complained loudly and bitterly of his misfortune. The necklace having been exhibited all over Europe, his troubles were a matter of general conversation. After several months of great perplexity and anxiety, Bohmer succeeded in gaining an audience of the Queen. Passionately throwing himself upon his knees before her, clasping his hands and bursting into tears, he exclaimed:

"Madame, I am disgraced and ruined if you do not purchase my necklace. I cannot outlive my misfortunes. When I go hence I shall throw myself into the river."

The Queen, extremely displeased, said: "Rise, Bohmer! I do not like these rhapsodies; honest men have no occasion to fall upon their knees to make known their requests. If you were to destroy yourself, I should regret you as a madman in whom I had taken an interest, but I should not be responsible for that misfortune. I not only never ordered the article which causes your present despair, but, whenever you have talked to me about fine collections of jewels, I have told you that I should not add four diamonds to those I already possessed. I told you myself that I declined taking the necklace. The King wished to give it to me; I refused him in the same manner. Then never mention it to me again. Divide it, and endeavor to sell it piecemeal, and do not drown yourself. I am very angry with you for acting this scene of despair in my presence, and before this child. Let me never see you behave thus again. Go!"

Bohmer, overwhelmed with confusion, retired, and the Queen, oppressed with a multitude of gathering cares, for some months thought no more of him or his jewels. One day the Queen was reposing listlessly upon her couch, with Madame Campan and other ladies of honor about her, when, suddenly addressing Madame Campan, she inquired:

"Have you ever heard what poor Bohmer did with his unfortunate necklace?"

"I have heard nothing of it since he left you," was the reply, "though I often meet him."

"I should really like to know how the unfortunate man got extricated from his embarrassments," rejoined the Queen; "and, when you next see him, I wish you would inquire, as if from your own interest in the affair, without any allusion to me, how he disposed of the article."

In a few days, Madame Campan met Bohmer, and, in reply to her interrogatories, he informed her that the Sultan at Constantinople had purchased it for the favorite Sultana. The Queen was highly gratified with the good fortune of the jeweller, and yet thought it very strange how the grand seignior should have purchased his diamonds at Paris. Matters continued in this state for some time, until the baptism of the Duke d'Angouleme, Maria Antoinette's infant son. The King made his idolized boy a baptismal present of a diamond epaulette and buckles, which he purchased of Bohmer, and directed him to deliver to the Queen. As the jeweller presented them, he slipped into the Queen's hand a letter, in the form of a petition, containing the following expression:

"I am happy to see your majesty in the possession of the finest diamonds in Europe; and I entreat your majesty not to forget me."

The Queen read this strange note aloud, again and again exclaiming, "What does the man mean? He must be insane!" She quietly lighted the note at a wax taper which was standing near her, and burned it, remarking that was not worth keeping. Afterwards, as she reflected more upon the enigmatical nature of the communication, she deeply regretted that she had not preserved the note. She pondered the matter deeply and anxiously, and at last said to Madame Campan:

"The next time you see that man, I wish that you would tell him that I have lost all taste for diamonds; that I never shall buy another as long as I live; and that, if I had any money to spare, I should expend it in purchasing lands to enlarge the grounds at St. Cloud."

A few days after this, Bohmer called upon Madame Campan at her country house, extremely uneasy at not having received any answer from the Queen, and anxiously inquired if Madame Campan had no commission to him from her majesty. Madame Campan faithfully repeated to him all that the Queen had requested him to say.

"But," rejoined Bohmer, "the answer to the letter I presented to her! To whom must I apply for that?"

"To no one," was the reply; "her majesty burned your memorial, without even comprehending its meaning."

"Ah, madame!" exclaimed the man, trembling with agitation, "that is impossible; the Queen knows that she has money to pay me."

"Money, M. Bohmer!" replied the lady; "your last accounts against the Queen were discharged long ago!"

"Are you in the secret?" he replied. "The Queen owes me three hundred thousand dollars, and I am ruined by her neglect to pay me."

"Three hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed Madame Campan, in amazement; "man, you have lost your senses! For what does she owe you this enormous sum?"

"For the necklace, madame," replied the jeweller, now pale and trembling with the apprehension that he had been deceived.

"The necklace again!" said Madame Campan.—"How long is the Queen to be teased about that necklace? Did not you yourself tell me that you had sold it at Constantinople?"

"The Queen," added Bohmer, "requested me to make that reply to all who inquired upon the subject, for she was not willing to have it known that she had made the purchase. She, however, had determined to have the necklace, and sent the Cardinal de Rohan to me to take it in her name."

"You are utterly deceived, Bohmer," Madame Campan replied; "the Queen knows nothing about your necklace. She never speaks even to the Cardinal de Rohan, and there is no man at Court more strongly disliked by her."

"You may depend upon it, madame, that you are deceived yourself," rejoined the jeweller. "She must hold private interviews with the Cardinal, for she gave to the Cardinal six thousand dollars, which he paid me on account, and which he assured me he saw her take from the little porcelain secretary near the fire-place in her boudoir."

"Did the Cardinal himself assure you of this?" inquired Madame Campan.

"Yes, madame," was the reply.

"What a detestable plot! There is not one word of truth in it; and you have been miserably deceived."

"I confess," Bohmer rejoined, now trembling in every joint, "that I have felt very anxious about it for some time; for the Cardinal assured me that the Queen would wear the necklace on Whitsunday. I was, however, alarmed in seeing that she did not wear it, and that induced me to write the letter to her majesty. But what *shall* I do?"

"Go immediately to Versailles, and lay the whole matter before the King. But you have been extremely culpable, as crown jeweller, in acting in a matter of such great importance without direct orders from the King or Queen, or their accredited Minister."

"I have not acted," the unhappy man replied, "without direct orders. I have now in my possession all the promissory notes, signed by the Queen herself; and I have been obliged to show those notes to several bankers, my creditors, to induce them to extend the time of my payments."

Instead, however, of following Madame Campan's judicious advice, Bohmer, half delirious with solicitude, went directly to the Cardinal, and informed him of all that had transpired. The Cardinal appeared very much embarrassed, asked a few questions, and said but little. He, however, wrote in his diary the following memorandum: "On this day, August 3, Bohmer went to Madame Campan's country-house, and she told him that the Queen had never had his necklace, and that he had been cheated."

Bohmer was almost frantic with terror, for the loss of the necklace was his utter and irremediable ruin. Finding no relief in his interview with the Cardinal, he hastened to Little Trianon, and sent a message to the Queen that Madame Campan wished him to see her immediately. The Queen who knew nothing of the occurrence we have just related, exclaimed, "That man is surely mad. I have nothing to say to him, and I will not see him." Madame Campan, however, immediately called upon the Queen, for she was very much alarmed by what she had heard, and related to her the whole occurrence. The Queen was exceedingly amazed and perplexed, and feared that it was some deep laid plot to involve her in difficulties. She questioned Madame Campan very minutely in reference to every particular of the interview, and insisted upon her repeating the conversation over and over again. They then went immediately to the King, and narrated to him the whole affair. He, aware of the many efforts which had been made to traduce the character of Maria Antoinette, and to expose her to public contumely, was at once convinced that it was a treacherous plot of the Cardinal in revenge for his neglect at Court.

The King instantly sent a command for the Cardinal to meet him and the Queen in the King's closet. He was, apparently, anticipating the summons, for he, without delay, appeared before them in all the pomp of his pontifical robes, but was nevertheless so embarrassed that he could with difficulty articulate a sentence.

"You have purchased diamonds of Bohmer?" inquired the King.

"Yes, sir," was the trembling reply.

"What have you done with them?" the King added.

"I thought," said the Cardinal, "that they had been delivered to the Queen."

"Who commissioned you to make this purchase?"

"The Countess Lamotte," was the reply. "She handed me a letter from the Queen requesting me to obtain the necklace for her. I truly thought that I was obeying her Majesty's wishes, and doing her a favor, by taking this business upon myself."

"How could you imagine, sir," indignantly interrupted the Queen, "that I should have selected you for such a purpose, when I have not even spoken to you for eight years? and how could you suppose that I should have acted through the mediation of such a character as the Countess Lamotte?"

The Cardinal was in the most violent agitation, and, apparently hardly knowing what he said, replied, "I see plainly that I have been duped. I will pay for the necklace myself. I suspected no trick in the affair, and am extremely sorry that I have had any thing to do with it."

He then took a letter from his pocket directed to the Countess Lamotte, and signed with the Queen's name, requesting her to secure the purchase of the necklace. The King and Queen looked at the letter, and instantly pronounced it a forgery. The King then took from his own pocket a letter addressed to the jeweller Bohmer, and, handing it to De Rohan, said—

"Are you the author of that letter?"

The Cardinal turned pale, and, leaning upon his hand, appeared as though he would fall to the floor.

"I have no wish, Cardinal," the King kindly replied, "to find you guilty. Explain to me this enigma. Account for all these manœuvres with Bohmer. Where did you obtain these securities, and these promissory notes signed in the Queen's name, which have been given to Bohmer?"

The Cardinal, trembling in every nerve, faintly replied, "Sire, I am too much agitated now to answer your Majesty. Give me a little time to collect my thoughts."

"Compose yourself, then, Cardinal," the King added. "Go into my cabinet. You will there find papers, pens and ink. At your leisure, write what you have to say to me."

In about half an hour the Cardinal returned with a paper, covered with erasures, and alterations and blottings, as confused and unsatisfactory as his verbal statements had been. An officer was then summoned into the royal presence, and commanded to take the Cardinal into custody and conduct him to the Bastile. He was, however, permitted to visit his home. The Cardinal contrived, by the way, to scribble a line upon a scrap of paper, and, catching the eye of a trusty servant, he, unobserved, slipped it into his hand. It was a direction to the servant to hasten to the palace, with the utmost possible speed, and commit to the flames all of his private papers. The King had also sent officers to the Cardinal's palace, to seize his papers and seal them for examination. By almost superhuman exertions, the Cardinal's servant first arrived at the palace, which was at the distance of several miles. His horse dropped dead in the court yard. The important documents, which might, perhaps, have shed light upon this mysterious affair, were all consumed.

The Countess Lamotte was also arrested, and held in close confinement to await her trial. She had just commenced living in a style of extraordinary splendor, and had vast sums at her disposal, acquired no one knew how. It is difficult to imagine the excitement which this story produced all over Europe. It was represented that the Queen was found engaged in a swindling transaction with a profligate woman to cheat the crown jeweller, out of gems of inestimable value, and that, being detected, she was employing all the influence of the crown to shield her own reputation by consigning the innocent Cardinal to infamy. The enemies of the Queen, sustained by the ecclesiastics generally, rallied around the Cardinal. The King and Queen, feeling that his acquittal would be the virtual condemnation of Maria Antoinette, and firmly convinced of his guilt, exerted their utmost influence, in self-defence, to bring him to punishment. Rumors and counter rumors floated through Versailles, Paris, and all the Courts of the Continent. The tale was rehearsed in saloon and cafe with every conceivable addition and exaggeration, and the Queen hardly knew which way to turn from the invectives which were so mercilessly showered upon her.—Her lofty spirit, conscious of rectitude, sustained her in public, and there she nerved herself to appeal with firmness and equanimity. But in the retirement of her boudoir she was unable to repel the most melancholy imaginings, and often wept with almost the anguish of a bursting heart. The sunshine of her life had now disappeared. Each succeeding day grew darker and darker with enveloping gloom.

The trial of the Cardinal continued, with various interruptions, for more than a year. Very powerful parties were formed for and against him. All France was agitated by the protracted contest. The Cardinal appeared before his judges in mourning robes, but with all the pageantry of the most imposing ecclesiastical costume. He was conducted into Court with much ceremony, and treated with the greatest deference. In the trying moment in which he first appeared before his judges, his courage seemed utterly to fail him. Pale and trembling with emotion, his knees bent under him, and he had to cling to a support to prevent himself from falling to the floor. Five or six voices immediately addressed him in tones of sympathy, and the President said, "His eminence, the Cardinal, is at liberty to sit down, if he wishes it." The distinguished prisoner immediately took his seat with the members of the Court. Having soon recovered in some degree his composure, he arose, and for half an hour addressed his judges, with much feeling and dignity, repeating his protestations of entire innocence in the whole affair.

At the close of this protracted trial, the Cardinal was fully acquitted of all guilt by a majority of three voices. The King and Queen were extremely chagrined at this result. During the trial, many insulting insinuations were thrown out against the Queen which could not easily be repelled. A friend who called upon her immediately after the decision, found her in her closet weeping bitterly. "Come," said Maria, "come and weep for your Queen, insulted and sacrificed by cabal and injustice." The King came in at the same moment, and said, "You find the Queen much afflicted; she has great reason to be so. They were determined throughout this affair to see only an ecclesiastical Prince, a Prince de Rohan, while he is, in fact, a needy fellow and all this was but a scheme to put money into his pockets. It is not necessary to be an Alexander to cut this Gordian knot." The Cardinal subsequently emigrated to Germany, where he lived in comparative obscurity till 1803, when he died.

The Countess Lamotte was brought to trial, but with a painfully different result. Dressed in the richest and most costly robes, the dissolute beauty appeared before her judges, and astonished them all by her imperturbable self-possession, her talents, and her cool effrontery. It was clearly proved that she had received the necklace; that she had sold here and there the diamonds of which it was composed, and had thus come into possession of large sums of money. She told all kinds of stories, contradicting herself in a thousand ways, accusing now one and again another as an accomplice, and unblushingly declaring that she had no intention to tell the truth, for that neither she nor the Cardinal had uttered one single word before the Court which had not been false. She was found guilty, and the following horrible sentence was pronounced against her, that she should be whipped upon the bare back in the court-yard of the prison; that the letter V should be burned into the flesh on each shoulder with a hot iron; and that she should be imprisoned for life. The King and Queen were as much displeased with the terrible barbarity of the punishment of the Countess as they were chagrined at the acquittal of the Cardinal. As the Countess was a descendant of the Royal family, they felt that the ignominious character of the punishment was intended as a stigma upon them.

As the Countess was sitting one morning in the spacious room provided for her in the prison, in a loose robe, conversing gayly with some friends, and surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, an attendant appeared to conduct her into the presence of the judges. Totally unprepared for the awful doom impending over her, she rose with careless alacrity and entered the Court. The terrible sentence was pronounced. Immediately terror, rage and despair seized upon her, and a scene of horror ensued which no pen can describe. Before the sentence was finished, she threw herself upon the floor and uttered the most piercing shrieks and screams. The tumult of agitation into which she was thrown dreadful as it was, relaxed not the stern rigor of the law. The executioner immediately seized her and dragged her, shrieking and struggling in a delirium of phrensy, into the court-yard of the prison. As her eye fell upon the instruments of her ignominious and brutal punishment, she seized upon one of her executioners with her teeth, and tore a mouthful of flesh from his arm. She was thrown upon the ground, her garments, with relentless violence, were stripped from her back, and the lash mercilessly cut its way into her quivering nerves, while her awful screams pierced the damp, chill air of the morning. The hot irons were brought, and simmered upon her recoiling flesh. The unhappy creature was then carried, mangled and bleeding, and half dead with torture and terror and madness, to the prison hospital. After nine months of imprisonment she was permitted to escape. She fled to England, and was found one morning dead upon the pavements of London, having been thrown from a third-story window in a midnight carousal.

Such was the story of the Diamond Necklace. Though no one can now doubt that Maria Antoinette was perfectly innocent in the whole affair, it, at the time, furnished her enemies with weapons against her, which they used with fatal efficiency. It was then represented that the Countess Lamotte was an accomplice of the Queen in the fraudulent acquisition of the necklace, and that the Cardinal de Rohan was their deluded but innocent victim. The horrible punishment of Madame Lamotte, who boasted that royal blood circulated in her veins, was understood to be in contempt of royalty, and as the expression of venomous feeling toward the Queen. Both Maria Antoinette and Louis felt it as such, and were equally aggrieved by the acquittal of the Cardinal, and the barbarous punishment of the Countess.

Whether the Cardinal was a victim or an accomplice, is a question which never has been, and now never can be, decided. The mystery in which the affair is involved must remain a mystery until the secrets of all hearts are revealed at the great day of judgment. If he was the guilty instigator, and the poor Countess but his tool and victim, how much has he yet to be accountable for in the just retributions of eternity!

The supposition, however, which now is almost universally entertained, is, that the crafty woman Lamotte, by forgery, and by means of an accomplice, who very much, in figure, resembled Maria Antoinette, completely duped the Cardinal. His anxiety was such to be restored to the royal favor, that he eagerly caught at the bait which the wily Countess presented to him. But, whoever, may have been the guilty ones, no one now doubts that Maria Antoinette was entirely innocent. She, however, experienced all the ignominy she could have encountered, had she been involved in the deepest guilt.

Wit and Humor.

THE WAG OUTWITTED.

The following story was frequently repeated in Boston near fifty years since, in the hearing of the writer. He knows not that it has ever been told in print:

An eminent physician, advanced in years, was aroused from his slumbers, and called from his bed, in the middle of a dark, stormy night; and putting his head out of the window, was urged by the messenger to dress instantly, and repair without delay to the house of a lady dangerously ill. In vain the good old doctor plead the storm, together with his age and infirmities, and begged either that some other physician might be called, or his visit deferred till daylight. No other physician would answer, and no time but the present. Reluctantly giving way to the sense of duty, and a feeling of humanity, therefore, the venerable professor of the art of healing donned his clothes, and muffled up in cloak and handkerchief, with staff in hand, and a servant at his side, made his way on foot, as fast as the storm, darkness and his own bodily infirmities would permit, to the residence described by the messenger. Two or three raps at the door, brought forth the man of the house; who, putting his head out of the window, demanded who was there, and what they wanted at that time of the night. The doctor, somewhat astonished and confounded, to be sure, gave the information demanded. The man at the window said there was no one sick in the house and moodily retired. The doctor returned home the best way he could, but was somewhat puzzled in his mind, about the adventure.

After having cogitated awhile, our old doctor all at once recognized in the voice of the unwelcome messenger, as well as in the hoax itself, the identity of a young wag, celebrated in his day; and determined to square accounts with him. Meeting the said wag in the street soon after, and with whom he was personally acquainted, the doctor, pretending great friendly solicitude for his welfare, persuaded him that he had symptoms of a fever, sent him home and promised to visit him. The promise was soon fulfilled. The usual preliminary inquiries and examinations were made. A powerful emetic was administered. And gruel was prescribed as the exclusive diet. The second day and the third, came a similar visit, similar formalities, and similar treatment. On the fourth day, the victim now really suffering from exhaustion, exclaimed, in piteous accents—

"Doctor, how long before you will allow me to dipense with emetics, and to take some other food than gruel?"

"Why, Mr. ———," says the doctor, "you will be at perfect liberty to do so, as soon as the lady recovers, to whom you called me the other night."

In how short a time Mr. ——— rose from his bed, and hid a beef-steak and fixins under his vestments, has never been recorded.—*Providence Journal.*

LAWYER AND WITNESS.

There is a noted criminal lawyer—and by this term we mean a lawyer in a criminal court—who in almost every case which comes under his charge, puts the following questions to witnesses at the closing of his cross-examination:

"Hem! Witness—*Where you ever in State Prison?*"

Of course the almost invariable reply, amidst the astonishment of the embarrassed witness, is "No, sir."

"You can step down," continues the lawyer, without a syllable in explanation, and the jurymen stare at the witness as he moves away, while the counsel pauses, and utters an expressive "*ahem*"—as much as to say "gentlemen of the jury, you can judge of this fellow's character for veracity; I say nothing—I don't—I couldn't prove it readily; you may believe as much as you like!"

Occasionally, however, the learned counsel alluded to, meets with his match. Not long ago he ran foul of a "knotty customer," whom he sifted thoroughly to the end of his final stereotype question. "Ahem! were you ever in the State Prison?" when, to the Attorney's evident surprise, the witness replied, in a subdued tone

"Yes, sir?"

"Ah! I thought so," continued the counsel, "I thought so. Gentlemen, will you please give your attention to the witness. You have been in the State Prison, then?"

"Yes, sir," continued the other, meekly.

"And how long since?"

"About two years ago, sir."

"Two years ago, gentlemen, you will please bear in mind—this witness, now by his voluntary confession, admits he was in the State Prison."

"Yes, sir."

"His memory, as I have already taken pains to impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is most extr'ornery; as you think proper in a man's testimony who has been an inmate of the State Prison."

"How long were you there, witness?"

"About an hour, sir."

"Eh! A-hem! How long?"

"I was there, sir, about an hour on a visit of curiosity to examine the prison, and I very well remember seeing you there, at the time, and *took you to be a convict!*"

"A-hem—you can *step down, sir!*" said the discomfited Attorney, and though the above uncourteous reply might almost have been construed into a contempt of court, yet, in this case, a smile pervaded the faces of judge and jury, and the witness "respectfully retired!"

A Pugnacious King.—Frederick the Great was always fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day, when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular subject.

"It is impossible, your majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who *wears such thick boots.*"

All Rules Have Exceptions.—"Blessed are the peace-makers," saith the Holy Writ, "but I once proved to my cost," says Dobbs, "that a peace-maker is not always blessed; for, endeavoring to prevent a half-mad woman from annihilating her unworthy husband, I got a bloody nose from the paws of the husband, a severe contusion over the eye from a missile thrown by the lady, was severely pinched by the children, blackguarded by a relative of the family, bitten by the house dog and finally kicked into the street by the whole of them." Verily, we live in an ungrateful world.

Franco-English.—A curious specimen of this occurred the other day. A French gentleman having been rescued from a ducking in a river, and taken to a neighboring tavern, was advised to drink a glass of very warm brandy and water.

"Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a fortnight."

"A fortnight," said he, "hadn't you better take it directly?"

"Oh, yes," said monsieur, "directly to be sure, but not a fortnight—*not too weak.*"

Old Fitch.—"Old Zoroaster Fitch" was a hunchback, of great strength, who formerly resided in B———, Vermont. Having walked out one morning three or four miles from his residence, he met an acquaintance who inquired if he had "come straight from home?" "Yes," said the old gentleman. "Then," said his friend, "you have got confoundedly warped on the road." "Curse him!" said Fitch, after telling the story the next day, "I'd ha' warped *him*, if I could ha' got my hands on him!"

A Sporting Sketch.

A DAY'S STALKING IN THE RAMGHUR DISTRICT, INDIA.

Day was just dawning as we rode off towards the tents. The night's rain had calmed the fiery gale, and cleaned away the dust and sand that hitherto had loaded the air and dimmed the light, and as the sun rose, all nature sparkled in his beam, and seemed to smile with gladness at the change. The withered grass was already turning green, and the parched trees looked refreshed, and sent forth their fragrance as if in incense for the boon. The lapwing hovered about screaming his rejoicings, and the lark sang merrily as he soared high on the buoyant air, and our hearts were gay as his as we cantered freely along over the trackless waste, the horses bounding joyously forward as they trod the elastic turf. But as the sun advanced, the happy delusion vanished like a dream—the heat and glare became intense, and soon all traces of the joyous change were gone.

It was almost noon when we reached our camp, which we were glad to find pitched under the shade of a fine mango grove, offering a delicious cool retreat from the fire that raged outside.

The Shikaries had good news for us, but it was too late for the heavy jungle, which was yet a long way off, so we indulged in a siesta till the cool of the evening, when we went out after the small game which were calling in every direction around the camp; peacocks, partridge, jungle-fowls, quail, and many others of the feathered tribe, seemed bent upon summoning us to their destruction, and having committed some havoc amongst them, we returned home with a full bag.

The first crowing of the jungle cock roused us next morning, and we were soon on the way to the great forest.

There were numerous tracks of game, but our party was too large, and the noise we made in scrambling through the thick cover drove all before us, and for a long time we saw nothing; I, therefore, struck off in a different direction, taking only Khungle with me to carry a spare rifle.

We soon came on the fresh trail of a large herd of sambur, which led us a chase till evening, and I began to despair of finding them, and was thinking of giving it up, when about a hundred yards ahead I observed a tree shake violently, as if some large animal rubbed itself against it; concluding it to be the sambur, we crept up as near as possible, till we could distinctly hear every movement or sound they made, but the underwood and long grass quite concealed them from view. It seemed that they were just rising from their noonday siesta, some were already on foot, and we could hear others now and then rise and begin to graze or crop the leaves, while the tree was still shaken by a stag that rubbed his young antlers against it.

Long and eagerly I watched my opportunity, and had just got a glimpse of a fine stag, when suddenly the deep roar of a tiger came booming on the still air, and the startled herd rushed wildly past us; reserving my shot for nobler game, I let them go unharmed, and when all was again quiet, we crept cautiously forward to reconnoiter.

The sun had set to us, and the shades of evening were fast spreading over the scene. There was a solemn stillness and deep silence abroad, which, combined with the gloom of evening, made the solitude of the mighty forest doubly impressive; not a leaf stirred on the tall trees, and the dew-drop gathered upon them, and stood glistening without a breath to shake it down; no living thing was to be seen, and not a sound to be heard, except the distant crowing of jungle fowl, or the peacock's call.

I was listening intently with my ear to the ground, for some indication of the enemy, when all at once his unearthly roar again burst upon the silence, and rumbled grandly on through the hollow echoes of forest and hill. We went on in the direction from which it came, and found the mangled remains of a human body. There was little of it left besides the bones, but it was evident the deed had not long been done, for the blood was scarcely dry, the marks of the death struggle were still fresh upon the ground, and the ghastly skull seemed even yet to gape with horror and dismay.

I guessed that the destroyer was not far off, and while casting round for his track, a low hollow growl, that seemed to come from the very ground under our feet, warned us to look to ourselves. For a moment I thought he was upon us; my heart felt too large for me, and I could scarcely breathe for agitation, while even poor Khungle's swarthy visage became less dark than usual; but he came not, and the next moment we heard him going off through the thick cover, where it was impossible to get even a glimpse of his tawny hide. We soon found the trail, and were following it up as well as the growing darkness would allow, when a low whistle from Khungle, who was a little behind, caught my ear. It was his never-failing signal of game in sight, so I went back to where he stood beckoning to me, and gazing intently at some object which I could not see from my position. "Bhalook, bhalook," (bears, bears,) he whispered as I approached, and to my great joy I saw three of them together in the middle of a large open glade. Two were fighting fiercely, while the third seemed endeavoring to separate them, and at last succeeded in restoring peace for a while, but their savage anger was not to be restrained, and again they rushed upon each other with redoubled fury. It was a grand sight to see the ungainly brutes clash together, the force with which they met bringing both to the ground, when, locked in each other's iron grips, they rolled and tumbled about, while they sustained the deadly fight with teeth and hind claws.

As they seemed well matched, and likely to keep it up for some time, I thought it a favorable opportunity to approach, so leaving Khungle where he was, with directions to run up with the second rifle as soon as I fired, I started off while the fight was at its highest—there was not a bush between them and the jungle, and I could see nothing to cover my advance except a few scattered tufts of grass; but, by means of crawling along, serpent like, from tuft to tuft, I had got over half the distance, when, to my great relief, I came to a narrow ravine, which, winding along in the direction of my quarry, promised ample cover for the rest of the way.

I now breathed freely, and had leisure to examine the lie of the land. The fight was over for the present, and the combatants stood eyeing each other with no friendly aspect, while their peace-making companion kept between them, as if to prevent a renewal of hostilities. They were an awkward looking trio—but one of them, more especially was as diabolical looking an old savage as I ever had to deal with. He was far above the ordinary size, and being nearly bald from age, or fighting, his mis-shapen form was the more remarkable, while the little hair that was left, instead of concealing deformities, as it usually does for the race, hung in matted lumps from his long gaunt body and distorted limbs, or bristled fiercely out whenever it could; as the hideous monster stood grinning and glaring upon his rival, he looked every inch a fiend.

As I had anticipated, the ravine covered my advance well; and after following its course for some distance, I caught a passing glimpse of them through a narrow fissure in the bank. They disappeared in a moment, but I saw they had taken the alarm, and with heads erect, as they snuff'd the tainted air, were shuffling towards me.

With a beating heart I waited for their approach; and as I heard them coming nearer and nearer, I began most devoutly to wish myself safely out of it. The suspense was short, though it seemed an age to me, and I felt a sort of relief when the huge brutes appeared on the top of the bank, looming large as they stood between me and the clear blue sky.

Aiming at the centre of the white ring in the chest, I fired at the nearest—a grim-looking old savage, whose bright eye twinkled mischievously when she first caught sight of me—and she fell with a fierce roar and gurgling howl, that I fondly hoped was her last, but it soon proved otherwise, and had nearly cost me dear; for, thinking her account settled, I fired my second barrel at one of the others as they were walking off, seemingly inclined to depart in peace. It hit him, and he turned sharply round and came back, his eyes flashing fire as he glared upon me with a look of fierce defiance and dire vengeance; and then, roaring with mingled agony and rage, charged headlong down the bank, followed closely by his wounded mate, who by this time had recovered herself.

Helpless now, and almost hopeless, I fled the storm, and though I ran with all the energy of despair, the enraged brutes were closing on me fast. I felt their very breath upon my head, and I thought my hour was come, but doubling short, I managed to elude their grasp, and before they could follow the sudden turn, I had gained upon them considerably. At the same moment I caught sight of my trusty Khungle, coming full speed to the rescue, and I felt reprieved. Though the bears were again closing up, the gallant fellow came on in the face of danger, and I had scarcely time to snatch the rifle from his hand as we met, before they were upon us. There was not a moment for aim, but a lucky shot from the hip rolled the foremost of them over, as he was making his final rush to grapple. He turned a somerset past me, as I sprang aside to avoid him, and then lay doubled up into a ball quite motionless. Fortune favored me with the second barrel also, and the other fell to the shot: but again she struggled hard with death, biting her wound and tearing the earth in her impotent rage, while making a desperate effort to rise. At last she recovered herself, and stood looking at me as if about to renew the charge. It was an anxious moment, as I was again defenceless, but happily she seemed to have enough of it. Her heart failed, and she went off growling to the jungle, leaving me master of the field.

Though it was somewhat dark, I found little difficulty in following up the blood stained track, and having reloaded both rifles, I soon traced her home. It was a dark dell, where the jungle was so thick and tangled that not a ray of light could penetrate. As I reached it there was a crash through the thicket, and an angry roar issued from its deepest gloom—but I could see nothing except two glaring orbs, that seemed to float towards me on the air, growing larger and brighter as they approached. It was evident that the brute was charging, and all I had for it was a snap shot at the flashing eyes. It proved a good one, and when the rifle's echo died away in the distance, all was again hushed and still. After listening awhile, I groped my way on and found her quite dead, the ball having entered the forehead between the eyes.

Night was closing in, and the evening vapors obscured what little light remained, but my work was not finished yet; for on returning to look after the other bear, I found that he had rallied and was making his way to the jungle. The old fiend was more bent on mischief than ever, and as soon as he saw me, down he came, tooth and nail to the charge.

Both barrels, at a distance of twenty paces, had little effect but to increase his fury, as he received their contents; and by the time I was ready with the other rifle, he was up with me. I gave him right and left with the muzzle between his fore paws, and it sent him reeling back, but his fierce nature seemed sustained by rage, for he soon recovered the shock, and came on again, furious as ever, though much crippled.

I was obliged to run for it again, but having the speed of him now soon got out of his way, and then I managed to re-load while retreating. Another right and left brought him to, but he did not fall, and still presented a determined front, rushing at me whenever I went near him. I loaded with my last ball, and anxious to make the most of it, waited till he was quite still, and then taking a steady shot at his head, finished his career, and terminated the day's adventure. The gallant old brute sank quietly to the earth and never moved again.

The field was won at last, and joyfully I turned my steps homewards, reflecting, as I went, on my debt of gratitude to Providence for the issue. It was a long and lonesome walk through the dark forest, and I sorely felt the want of ammunition as we occasionally heard the hungry cry of some prowler of the night, but we reached camp in safety, and met my friend De M. coming out with all the followers he could muster, to seek us. He had heard the firing from a distance, and from my long absence, began to fear that all was not right.

Next morning I sent Khungle with a party to bring home my quarry, while De M. and I proceeded in quest of fresh adventures.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 2, 9, 5, 9, is a country of South America.
My 2, 6, 1, 5, 3, is a remarkable volcano.
My 3, 4, 3, 1, 3, 13, is a division of Hindostan.
My 4, 2, 9, 13, 12, is a large river of Europe.
My 5, 6, 12, is a county in Georgia.
My 6, 13, 3, 4, 12, is a lake in Russia.
My 7, 6, 13, 13, 3, 3, 4, is a division of Nubia.
My 8, 3, 5, 12, is a county in Alabama.
My 9, 13, 8, 9, 3, 13, 3, is one of the United States.
My 10, 5, 3, 4, 11, is a river in Oregon.
My 11, 9, 5, 8, 3, 4, 12, is a county of Ireland.
My 12, 5, 11, is a river in Virginia.
My 13, 9, 5, 6, is a large river of Africa.
My 14, 3, 2, 3, 4, 3, is a desert in Africa.
My whole is a distinguished English writer.
D. M. B.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 21, 14, 11, 14, 5, was the name of a celebrated Grecian Law Giver.
My 7, 4, 11, 21, 1, is an assistance to Physicians.
My 13, 8, 9, 2, 14, 15, is a part of the body.
My 3, 17, 7, is usually found in school rooms.
My 6, 12, 11, 13, 17, is a letter in the Greek Alphabet.
My 9, 14, 10, 6, 18, 19, 16, is an action incident upon drowsiness.
My 16, 14, 5, 16, is found in hotels.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, is the name of a school in England.
My 3, 4, 19, 10, 17, 9, 20, relates to this world.
My whole is the name of a distinguished General lately deceased.
E.

RIDDLE.

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber.
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding S, you plural make;
But if you add S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis:
Plural, is plural then no more,
And sweet, what bitter was before.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

I.

Two men bought 300 cords of wood at $2.00 per cord, which will be $300 apiece—the wood was part oak and part pine—says A to B, oak is worth more than pine, so they agreed to make 25 cents difference in the price, and each to take his $300 worth. Now how much wood did each one get, and what price did each pay. (Who can send the nearest answer?)
W. G. D.

II.

What quantity of water may I add to a pipe of Mountain wine, whose value is £33, to allow me to sell it at 60 cents a gallon, and clear 10 per cent at that?
X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a man like an Irish funeral?
Ans.—When he is a *wake*.

☞ When is an author like a jockey?
Ans.—When he abridges a tale (tail.)

☞ When is a broken pot like men slain in battle?
Ans.—When it is mended (men dead.)

☞ When is Cupid like a violinist?
Ans.—When he draws the bow.

☞ When did Napoleon make the Catholic sign of devotion?
Ans.—When he *crossed* the Alps.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
George Washington—Andrew Jackson.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

19 oxen,	£95
80 geese,	4
1 sheep,	1
100 head,	£100

Science and Art.

"THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE"

Formed the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by Professor Mapes, before the Library Association of Newark, N. J., a short time since. Among the curious and interesting facts stated by the lecturer, the Newark Daily Advertiser notes the following:

I mention these facts, said he, in the hope of showing that there is *pleasure* in studying the sciences, and when we come to Natural History, we shall find the study of that still more amusing. The animal and vegetable worlds are well worthy of observation. Probably you all know what is meant by a *cycloid*. If we make a spot on the periphery of a wheel, travelling on a plane, the figure which that spot describes is a cycloid. Now there is no figure in which a body can be moved with so much velocity, and such regularity of speed, not even the straight line.

Mathematicians discovered this not many years ago; but Nature's God taught it to the eagle before mathematics were invented; and when the eagle pounces upon his prey, he describes the figure of a cycloid.

There is a form called the *solid of least resistance*, which mathematicians studied for many years to discover; and when they had discovered it they found they had the form of a fish's head!

The feathers of birds, and each particular part of them, are arranged at such an angle as to be most efficient in assisting flight. The human eye has a mirror on which objects are reflected, and a nerve by which these reflections are conveyed to the brain. Now, when the eye is too convex, we use glasses to correct the fault. But as birds cannot get them, Providence has given them the power of contracting the eye, or making it more convex, so as to see the specks which float in the atmosphere, and also of flattening the eye, so as to see to a great distance. In addition to this, they have a film, which can be suddenly thrown down over the eye to protect it; because at the velocity with which they fly, and with the delicate texture of their eye, the least speck of dust would act upon it as a penknife thrust into the human eye. The film in the horse's eye is called the *haw*, or third eyelid, and if you will watch closely, you may see it descend and return with electric velocity.

You all well know, if you take a pound of iron and make it a rod a foot long, what weight it will support. But if it be a hollow rod, it will support a weight many times greater than before. Nature seems to have taken advantage of this also, long before mathematicians had discovered it, and all the bones of animals are hollow. The bones of birds are large, because they must be strong to move their large wings with sufficient velocity; but they must also be light in order to float easily upon the air. Birds also illustrate another fact in natural philosophy. If you take a bag, make it air tight, and put it into water, it will support a large weight, say a hundred pounds. But twist it, or diminish the air in it, and it will support so much weight. Now, birds and fishes have such an air-bag.

In this way are the principles of science applied to almost every thing. You wish to know how to pack the greatest amount of bulk in the smallest space. The forms of cylinders leave large spaces between them. Mathematicians labored for a long time to find what figure could be used so as to lose no space; and at last found that it was the six sided figure, and also that three planes ending in a point formed the strongest roof or floor. The honey-bee discovered the same thing a good while ago. Honey-comb is made up of six-sided figures, and the roof is built with three plane surfaces coming to a point.

If a flexible vessel be emptied of air, its sides will be almost crushed together by the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. And if a tube partly filled with fluid be emptied of its air, the fluid will rise to the top. The bee understands this; and when he comes to the cup of the tall honeysuckle, and finds that he cannot reach the sweet matter at its bottom, he thrusts in his body, shuts up the flower, and exhausts the air, and so possesses himself of the dust and honey of the flower. The feet of flies and of lizards are constructed on a similar principle, and they thus walk with ease on glass or a ceiling.

Plants require the sunlight, and some flowers turn themselves towards the sun as it travels from east to west. The sun flower does this, and so does a field of clover.

You all know that if a hollow ball be filled with a gas lighter than the air, it will rise and float away. This fact is beautifully carried out in Nature. The *farina*, or impregnating dust of plants, are little balls, extremely thin, and filled with light gas. They are blown off from the male plant, and by falling upon the female plant, impregnate it.

The *Virginia creeper* throws out tendrils in the form of a foot, with five toes; each toe has a large number of hairs or spine, which, entering the small opening of brick or lime, swell or hold on; but when decaying, they shrink, and the plant falls off. The Vanilla plant of the West Indies exhibits a similar construction.

The *gastric juice*, a tasteless, colorless, inoderous fluid, is adapted in different animals to different purposes. In the hyena, and other carnivorous animals, it will not dissolve live flesh, but will dissolve dead flesh. On the other hand, some animals live entirely upon vegetables, and their gastric juice will not dissolve animal food.

We cannot alter the nature of an animal by changing its food. When bees lose their queen-bee—which is an entirely different animal from the working bee—if you present another to them within twenty-four hours, they will not accept of her nor obey her. They prefer taking an ordinary grub, before it has become a flier, and feeding it with a particular food, and treating it in a peculiar way; and when it leaves the grub state, it becomes a queen-bee, and they always suffer themselves to be governed by her.

The habits of ants are extremely curious. We all have heard of ant houses, sometimes twenty feet in diameter, filled with halls and rooms of great size and strength. These and beaver dams are constructed upon strictly mechanical principles.

I will make a remark or two upon plants, and then leave. The plant called the *muscipula, or fly trap*, has a hinged leaf with some syrup and a few infinitesimal spines at its bottom. The fly enters for the syrup; his feet, as they touch the spines, affect the mechanical arrangement of the leaf, which shuts up and crushes the fly; and his decomposing remains nourish the plant.

The wild pine of the West Indies, which grows on the branches of trees in hot climates, where there is little rain, has a mug which will hold a quart; when the dew falls, it is received, a valve closes at the top, and thus prevents evaporation; and the traveller often sustains life by procuring the contents to drink; birds insert their beaks and procure water; and what is not thus consumed, supplies nourishment in the tree. The *water withe* and other plants of Jamaica have a similar apparatus.

Selected Articles.

THE BEAUHARNAIS FAMILY.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial gives the following account of the Beauharnais and Bonaparte families:

How wonderful are the ways of God! All Napoleon's schemes of personal aggrandizement were scattered to the wind. He divorced the good, the loving wife of his youth, and married an Austrian Archduchess, in order to gratify his ambition to leave his throne to one who should be his son. That marriage was the cause of his ruin. The son whom he so much desired, and to whom he would leave his crown, died while a youth, in the palace of his Austrian grandfather. Not from poison, as some have asserted, but probably from disease of which excessive indulgence, and care on the part of that grandfather laid the foundation. Before the birth of that son Napoleon had thought of making this same Louis Napoleon,—the son of his brother Louis, (then King of Holland) and of Hortense, the daughter of Josephine,—his heir. How wonderful! The grandson of Josephine is chosen the first President of the French Republic, while the son of Napoleon sleeps by the side of his grandfather in the Church of the Franciscans of Vienna!

A singularly good fortune seems to have followed the family of Josephine. Her son, Eugene Beauharnais, married the Princess Amelia, of Bavaria, a woman of excellent character, who still lives at Munich, respected by all. And after having served in all the campaigns of his stepfather, with distinguished reputation for every virtue, as a General of the highest rank, and wearing for a time the title of King of Italy, he ended his days in peace in Bavaria, while Napoleon, Prometheus like, was chained to the rock of St. Helena, there to die.

Eugene Beauharnais left two sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter (called Josephine, after her grandmother) is now Queen of Sweden. Nor is there a happier Queen in Europe, or one more beloved. The second was the last wife of Don Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil. She still lives, and wears the title of Duchess of Braganza. She is a beautiful woman. The third is married to a German Duke, whose name and title I do not recall at this moment. The fourth was not married when I saw her and her mother, with one of her other sisters, were at Stockholm, on a visit to the Crown-Princess of Sweden, (now its Queen), in the summer of 1836.

The elder of the sons of Eugene Beauharnais married the present Queen of Portugal, but died a few days or weeks afterward. The younger, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, married the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and is a great favorite with Nicholas. And here we have the son of Hortense elected the first President of the Republic of France! This is wonderful. "God is great," says the Mohammedan; God is *just* also, as every page of the history of mankind would teach us if we could or would but read it aright. Let us hope that He will deign to guide and bless the grand-son of the injured and good Josephine as the President of France, and make him a blessing to that country.

Cause of Reserve.—People will be, what are called intimate friends, and yet no real interchange of opinion takes place between them. A man keeps his doubts, his difficulties, and his peculiar opinions to himself. He is afraid of letting anybody know that he does not exactly agree with the world's theories on all points. A great cause of this, is in the little reliance you can have on any man's secrecy. A man finds that what, in the heat of discussion, and in the perfect carelessness of friendship, he has said to his friend, is quoted to people whom he would never have said it to; knowing that it would be sure to be misunderstood, or half-understood by them. And so he grows cautious; and is very loth to communicate to anybody his more cherished opinions, unless they fall in exactly with the stream.

Lost the Bet.—A good looking and jovial friend of ours, a day or two since, related in our presence the following good 'un. At one of our first hotels, a stout *red-faced* gentleman, in a white beaver, blue coat and buff vest, offered to wager a "ten spot" that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith. "That is genuine Otard," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine glass—"and this—this is whiskey," and so on through the hotel's "manifest" of hardware. A wag then poured a few drops of pure Cochituate into the glass and handed to the connoisseur—"This is—ah—ah—this is—(tasting again)—by thunder! gentlemen, I lose the bet. *I never tasted this liquor before!*"—*Mail.*

Eccentric People.—When we have once come to a right estimate of the strength of conformity, we shall, I think, be more kindly disposed to eccentricity than we usually are. Even a willful or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty common-place conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity.

Agricultural.

DISSOLVING BONES BY MEANS OF STEAM.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to offer the following, taken from the Albany Cultivator, and accompany it with a few remarks:

"Dissolving Bones by Steam.—A statement has lately been made to the Highland Agricultural Society, in relation to pulverising bones by steam. It was stated that bones of any size could be reduced to a soft mass by this agency alone. A small boiler with a steaming vessel connected with it, capable of standing a pressure of twenty-five to thirty pounds to the square inch, was all that was required. If the vessel was filled with bones, and subjected to the action of steam above the level of the boiler, (as they will not dissolve if covered with water,) at twenty-five pounds pressure for a few hours, they will become quite dissolved—thus saving all the expense of grinding, and the sulphuric acid commonly used, which amounted to double the price of the rough bones. All the bones were so much softened, that the largest pieces found, could be easily crushed fine by pressure in the hand. Dr. Anderson, the chemist of the Society, thought the steaming would be cheaper than grinding. Professor Trail thought the steamed bones would be preferable to those dissolved with sulphuric acid, because when the acid was added to bones, there was a destruction, in part, at least, of the animal matter. The gelatine which was of itself a valuable manure, would be saved by the steaming process."

But, have not bones been dissolved in sulphuric acid, for the purpose of *fixing the ammonia*, and flaming accounts been published of the immense value arising from the process, and in consequence? then, what has become of all the chemical ink that has been spilt upon this new discovery, and the reasoning that has been made to follow? Now here is another Scotch Professor, who thinks that steamed bones will be found *preferable* to those dissolved in acid, of which I have not the least doubt; and the scientific world are again in *stays*, preparatory to another tack about; but this will not be for long—another and better mode will again be discovered and followed out. After this, I too begin to suspect we shall, by and by, be willing to come down to carbonic gas of nature's own forming, which she can easily concoct with the materials she has in store, and the use of that alembic for neutralising the acid and alkali—according to that old fashioned formula—so abundantly exhibited in the oxygen of the atmosphere and the ammonia of the soil.—Nevertheless, only good can come of the agitation of this and other matters of curious investigation; it supplies our journals with much pleasant reading, and keeps us, readers, upon the qui vive—two good things, only difficult sometimes to keep just the run of; while Nature continues her round, and performs her operations, as it were, with a sleight of hand and purpose, that is truly surprising, is it not?
CALX.

RENT OF FARMS IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Colman, of Boston, who has published a book giving an account of travels through the agricultural districts of England, makes the following statements in regard to the rent and value of certain farms in Great Britain:

On page 67, vol. 1, he speaks of a Mr. Oliver, who pays $5,000 per annum for his farm, on a lease of 19 years. "The tables," he says, "of some tenant farmers, who are men of wealth, are covered with silver, and furnished with wine of the most costly character. They took me to visit a farm of a Mr. Hope, in their neighborhood, who also is a tenant, and who has made a fortune of sixty thousand pounds, or three hundred thousand dollars, by farming." Ibid, 262, "One farmer had paid a rent of £7,000, or $35,000 per year. The farmers here are exceedingly rich and intelligent, in all that concerns their profession. One of the farms on this route, (Scotland,) recently sold for £63,000, or $315,000 cash. I believe it contains not over five or six hundred acres." Ibid, 73: "On Friday I went to a farm, where the farmer pays about $10,000, or £2,000, and he and his two brothers, in the immediate neighborhood of each other had more than three hundred people engaged in harvesting and threshing. I went into a cottage, where one of the laborers told me he had lived on the farm more than fifty years; and another said he had been there sixty years. I wonder what our laborers would say to such keeping as the Scotch laborers have, oat porridge and skim-milk or butter-milk for breakfast, a pound of bread and a bottle of small beer at noon, and supper like breakfast at night, without lunch or any thing else of any kind, and a shilling a day for their labor."

BLOODY WARTS ON HORSES.

Mr. Editor:—Having often found remedies for the various diseases of horses and cattle in your Cultivator, of far more value than its yearly cost, I am led to inquire, whether you know any remedy for the cure or removal of the large red sore wart, with which I have a horse that is much troubled. Several have been removed by tying a hair around them near the skin, but others continue to come on various parts of the body, one at the corner of the mouth having given him much pain, as it was exposed to the chafing of the bridle, and kept sore for a long time. He has now one forming on the flank, and another near it, which are very sore and unsightly.
W. K.

New Hampshire.

Remarks.—Let our correspondent procure a small quantity of pulverized yellow arsenic, tie it in a fine muslin bag, and with it sprinkle the warts; a single application will be generally found sufficient. If the wart is not sore, it will be necessary, before application, gently to excoriate the part and thus to facilitate the operation.—*Boston Cultivator.*

LICE ON CALVES.

Mr. Editor:—I find that a great amount of valuable information might be obtained through the columns of the Cultivator. I would enquire the best mode of destroying the lice on calves. I know some twenty that are much afflicted in that way.
W. B. TURNER.

Becket, 9th June.

Remarks.—Many farmers use train oil for this purpose, applied to the sides of the neck at the shoulder—just that part on which the collar rests when on the horse—as they say, these vermin retire to that part of the body to sleep at night, and there you will have them; but we prefer a strong ley or lather of yellow soap, with which to wash the animal by means of a sponge. The best preventive of this loathsome disease is good food and warm lodging.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Caterpillars.—Among other advantages of a late and cold spring we may now count the destruction of vast number of caterpillars. We have never known such havoc made among them by cold weather. As the cold has been general through the country we may expect to hear that the destruction has been general. A warm day or two in May caused the eggs to hatch, and then the continued cold caught the young worms on the naked limbs of the trees or in nests just commenced and not finished enough to shelter them. Want of food, too, must have contributed to their destruction.

All this has been effected without injury to the trees, or to the expected blossoms of the apple and pear, for the cold has been so constant that they dared not to peep out and expose their tender points. Many years since the canker worms met with a fate similar to what we now see has been adjudged to the less dreaded caterpillars.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Hatching Chickens.—An American named Williams has, near Champigny, France, an establishment for the artificial incubation of chickens. He has been very successful, following, as near as possible, the means adopted by the mother hen, in the application of the artificial heat. As in her case, he applies the heat from above, and following her instinct as his guide, he frequently removes the heat, leaving the eggs free, to imbibe the necessary amount of oxygen.

So far his success has been complete. He finds ready sale for all his broods, which are sent to market when twenty days old. His furnaces are kept constantly at work to furnish *poulets* for the Paris markets.—*Paris Paper.*

The Grass Tree.—The grass tree, which grows in India, from which the fibre is obtained for manufacturing grass-cloth, it is thought would flourish equally well in the middle States of this country. One of our missionaries to China, Rev. Mr. MacGowan, writes that he has drawn up for the Agricultural Society of India an account of the article, which may be useful to those who may feel disposed to attempt its introduction into the United States. The report will probably appear in the transactions of that Society for 1848-'49.

Varieties.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

The following little song is all the rage in Paris. The words are by Charles Jeffreys, the music by Charles W. Glover.

You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now,
And you, too, may forget;
But my heart will be with you,
Wherever you may go,
Can you look me in the face
And say the same, Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red,
And the beautiful cockade,
Oh, I fear you will forget
All the promises you made;
With the gun upon your shoulder,
And the bay'net by your side,
You'll be taking some proud lady,
And be making her your bride.

Or when glory leads the way,
You'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you,
That my happiness is gone!
If you win the day perhaps,
A General you'll be,
Though I'm proud to think of that,
What will become of me;
Oh! if I were Queen of France,
Or still better, Pope of Rome,
I would have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace,
Or if Kings must show their might,
Why let them who make the quarrels,
Be the only men to fight.

A Loving Family.—Mr. Sumner, in his recent Address before the Peace Society, created no small sensation by calling the roll of Victoria's Steam Navy, as an illustration of the infernal spirit of war. The following is the list of names, as reported in the New York Independent. It was copied by Mr. Sumner, from the latest official publication by the British Navy:

Acheron,	Goliah,	Savage,	Terror,
Adder,	Gorgon,	Scorpion,	Vengeance,
Alecto,	Harpy,	Scourge,	Viper,
Avenger,	Hecate,	Serpent,	Vixen,
Basilisk,	Hound,	Spider,	Virago,
Bloodhound,	Jackal,	Spiteful,	Volcano,
Bull-Dog,	Mastiff,	Spitfire,	Vulture,
Crocodile,	Pluto,	Styx,	Warspite,
Erebus,	Rattlesnake,	Sulphur,	Wildfire,
Firebrand,	Revenge,	Tartar,	Wolf,
Fury,	Salamander,	Terrible,	Wolverine.

Scripture Truth.—Not long since, a clergyman in Connecticut was reading to his congregation the beautiful and poetical psalm of David, wherein he says:

Mercy and Truth are met together,
Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.

At that passage a little girl in the assembly manifested a great interest, and whispered to her mother—"That's just as true as you live. I see Righteousness Hill a kissing Peace Peacebody behind the smoke house—but how did the minister know it?"

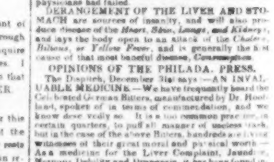
Consolation.—A passenger on board the ship Regulus, of Boston, in a letter home, states that they had on board their vessel, a thin and feeble member of their company, who had been sea-sick all the way out to the line. One day this man went to the doctor, and in a sad, supplicating tone, accosted him with—

"Doctor, can you tell me what I shall be good for when I get to San Francisco, if I keep on this way?"

"Tell you? To be sure I can. *You're just the man we want to begin a grave yard with!*"

Advertisements.

STORRS' CHEMICAL



HAIR INVIGORATOR.

THE testimonials we are continually receiving are incontestible evidence that Storrs' Chemical Hair Invigorator is one of the best articles now before the public for restoring the hair in cases of baldness or where it is *falling out*, or *become thin*, and removing *Scurf or Dandruff*. The following are a few Facts:

Mr. Storrs:—Sir—I have used your CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR for the purpose of removing dandruff from my head, and it has never failed.
Saml. Bushell, No. 10 Wallace st.

Mr. Burns, of Beverly, has used Storrs' Hair Invigorator for the restoration of his hair, and it has produced a fine growth of new hair.

Mr. Storrs—Sir—Your Chemical Hair Invigorator is the best article I ever used for dressing the hair and giving it a bright, glossy appearance, without the greasiness attending the use of oils, &c.
A. J. Hinderberger, No. 324 N. Thirteenth st.

Mr. F. Ekwick, 392 North Front street, has used Storrs' Chemical Hair Invigorator in his family in two cases, when the hair was falling off, with every probability of premature baldness. It was successful in both instances—a strong, healthy crop of hair filling the place of that which had fallen off.

Mr. Hewitt, South Sixth street, says the top of his head was entirely bald, he had used various preparations to no good effect. One bottle of Storrs' Invigorator caused the hair to commence growing, and the continued use of it he has now a fine head of hair.

We can give many other references to some of our most respectable citizens, but say to those who are troubled with Dandruff, are Bald, or are losing their Hair, give STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR a trial, and if it does not answer the purpose, the money will be refunded cheerfully. Price 25 cents, large bottles.

A liberal discount to dealers.

Beware of Imitations.—Ask for STORRS' Chemical Hair Invigorator, and take none other. The genuine has the signature of *Geo. F. Storrs.*

Principal Depot No. 1 Ledger Building, Third St. below Chesnut. Sold by Druggists generally.

All orders, &c., to be addressed to
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LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, *and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in either male or female.*

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity, and will also produce disease of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*, and lays the body open to an attack of the *Cholera, Bilious, or Yellow Fever*, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, Consumption.

OPINIONS OF THE PHILADA. PRESS.

The Dispatch, December 31st says:—AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.—We have frequently heard the Celebrated German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Hoofland, spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know these verily so. It is a too common practice, in certain quarters, to puff all manner of useless trash, but in the case of the above Bitters, hundreds are living witnesses of their great moral and physical worth.—As a medicine for the Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating diseases, when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debilitated, but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances to the most delicate stomach. Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most perfect safety. It would be well for those who are much affected in the nervous system, to commence with one tea spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and are, of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide, have united in recommending the German Bitters, and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

It is from one of our first druggists—the proprietor of the "Medicated Worm Syrup:"

Philadelphia, Nov. 23d, 1848.

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters, having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System. I can say conscientiously, that they are the best articles of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the commendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market is flooded. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.,
J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.

Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Preparation *before the public*? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the *most obstinate costiveness*, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient; being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

For Sale Wholesale and Retail at the principal depot

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 278 Race Street, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by John F. Long, Lancaster.—D. W. Gross, Harrisburg.—Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg.—Jno. Ritter & Co., Reading.—J. H. Everett & Son, Richmond, Va., M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va., Haviland, Harral & Co., Charleston, Boatwright & Miot, Columbia, Anderson & Barksdale, Laurens, C. H., S. C., W. Haines, Augusta, Geo., and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States. my26-1y

PAPER HANGINGS,
No. 118 CHESNUT STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of ISAAC PUGH & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and price, both foreign and domestic.

It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say that as we have a large factory and manufacture our own Papers, we can warrant them equal in any respect to any that can be produced in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

N. B. Orders from country merchants and others from any part of the country promptly attended to.

HART, MONTGOMERY & Co.,
ap7-ly No. 118 Chesnut street.